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ART. I.—THE PARSEES, OR FIRE-WORSHIPPERS.

*The Parsees: their History, Manners, Customs, and Religion.* By  
DOSABHOY FRAMJEE. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. Bombay:  
Smith, Taylor, & Co. 1858.

THE author of this work is himself a Parsee, of liberal education, and familiar with the English language, in which his book is written. It is therefore doubly welcome, as an authentic account of the most progressive of the Oriental races, and as containing much information hitherto unknown. The great mass of readers are profoundly ignorant of the numbers, wealth, and intelligence of the Parsee people; even well-read men believe them simply a scattered race of idolaters, who worship alike a farthing taper and the sun; while others imagine them an extinct nation, whose touching history they remember from that enchanting tale which won the heart of Lalla Rookh, as she heard it from the lips of Feramorz.

Foreigners in India, or in the seaports of China open to Europeans, as soon as they become at all familiar with the distinctive marks of race and the variety of costumes which meet the eye, find themselves much interested in a class of Orientals whom they at once separate from the Chinese, Hindoos, or Moslemin. These peculiarly marked men are the Parsees. We shall see hereafter, that the term Fire-Worshippers is not one that can be applied to them with strict propriety. In stature, costume, and manners, they differ from all others: they are generally taller, and of more powerful

frames, many indeed being models of physical strength ; their demeanor has nothing in common with the fierce insolence of the Moslemin, but, without the servility of the Hindoo, partakes of the frank courtesy of the European. Their dress, better adapted to display the person than the Chinese garb, yet lacks the grace of the Mohammedan robes. In warm weather, they are dressed in linen coats, fitting tightly to the body and descending to the knees, with sleeves loose and long below the elbows, and above quite narrow, while the collar is cut low, displaying the neck. The trousers are very large, of the same material as the upper garment, or of fine white nankeen or grass-cloth.\* Peaked shoes, of the exact shape which children associate with Bluebeard's costume, form part of the Parsee dress ; while the head-gear differs entirely from that of any other people. The head is shaved, excepting on the temples ; and when within doors a close-fitting skull-cap is worn, being exchanged on going out for the turban. This has not the Moslem folds, and is not particularly becoming ; it slants back from the forehead, is gathered into plaits behind, and is usually of dark chocolate-colored cotton. The face of the Parsee is also shaved, with the exception of the upper lip ; and so enormous is the moustache, that it is frequently seen projecting beyond the ears as one walks behind its possessor. The complexion is swarthy ; the eyes are large, dark, and full of intelligence. Such are the people whom the stranger learns in the East to know as the shrewdest of Oriental merchants ; but beyond this he seldom cares to inquire, nor imagines that their history is full of romantic and touching incident, — that they are lineal descendants of those ancient Persians who swarmed in myriads at the will of Xerxes, and that "in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren," they have preserved, through twenty-three centuries, the faith of Zoroaster.

Mr. Framjee writes at the commencement of his book : "The remnant of that mighty and flourishing race of people who

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\* In winter the white trousers are replaced by others of blue or scarlet woollen stuff, and an outer coat put on, of dark hue, edged with fine red cord.



inhabited Persia centuries before the Christian era, and whose dominion, in its most prosperous period, reached as far as the Persian Gulf and Indian Ocean on the south, the rivers Indus and Oxus on the east, the Caspian Sea and Caucasian mountains on the north, and the deserts of Lybia and the Mediterranean on the west; whose grandeur, magnificence, and glory were unequalled by any nation of ancient times; whose kings were at once the most powerful of monarchs and the wisest and most beneficent of rulers;—that remnant is known in India under the designation of Parsees, a name which they derive from their original country, Pars or Fars. That province, called by the Greeks Persis, contained the chief city of the empire, and the most splendid of the royal palaces, and from it the whole kingdom gained its name. Of the remnant of the ancient Persians now found in Western India, and chiefly in Bombay, where they form a most numerous and respectable class of the population, it is proposed to give in this publication a short history.”

With Yezdezird III., the forty-fifth king of the Sassanian dynasty, the ancient Persian monarchy expired; and about the middle of the seventh century, the country being invaded by the fanatical Omar, the Persian army was utterly defeated at the village of Nahavand, within fifty miles of Ecbatana, the capital of Media. After a former battle at Jalula, “Yezdezird fled from Holwan, and concealed his shame and despair in the mountains of Faristan, from which Cyrus had descended with his equal and valiant companions. The courage of the nation survived that of the monarch: among the hills to the south of Ecbatana or Hamadan, one hundred and fifty thousand Persians made a third and final stand for their religion and country; and the decisive battle of Nahavand was styled by the Arabs the victory of victories. If it be true that the flying general of the Persians was stopped and overtaken in a crowd of mules and camels laden with honey, the incident, however slight or singular, will denote the luxurious impediments of an Oriental army.”\* No sooner were the warriors of Omar successful, than, with the fell spirit of Moslem bigotry,

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\* Gibbon.

they proclaimed the faith of Mohammed as the only true religion, and offered to the conquered Persians the alternative of the sword or the Koran. By every means of cruel oppression, by threats of extinction and examples of terror, they forced the inhabitants to accept the Prophet's creed, and in such numbers did they abjure their ancient rites, that it is said one hundred thousand persons daily abandoned their fire-temples. In a very short time the Zoroastrian religion was almost entirely crushed out by the Saracens. Such, however, as refused to forswear, were forced to flee from their merciless tyrants, and took refuge among the rocky fastnesses of Khorassan. Here for a hundred years they eluded pursuit, but were finally tracked, and once more dispersed. Many now took refuge in the small island of Ormuz, near the mouth of the Persian Gulf. They remained in this spot but a very short time, as the hand of persecution still followed them, and they determined to remove to the shores of India. It is not very clearly known when this exodus took place, nor the numbers of those who emigrated; but it is believed that several expeditions were organized and accomplished. According to the earliest Parsee work on the subject extant, compiled in 1599, Div or Diew, one of the first known seats of Portuguese power in the East, was selected. Here they stayed for nineteen years, their place of abode being a small island in the Gulf of Cambay, on the northwestern coast of Hindostan. Why they left this spot is not explained; but sailing to the south, after imminent risk of shipwreck, they reached Sanjan, about twenty-five miles south of Damaun, in A. D. 717. The Rajah of Sanjan, Jadao Rana, a man of kind and liberal spirit, received them favorably, and, after minute inquiries as to their condition and belief, permitted them to land under certain conditions, they drawing up for his information a statement of their creed and religious customs, which we shall detail in the course of this article. During their residence at Diew, they had become familiar with Hindoo manners and customs, and therefore found it expedient, in dealing with the Rajah of Sanjan, to ingraft upon their own ceremonies some of the idolatrous practices of India, such as worshipping the cow, which had nothing to do with the Zoroastrian faith. They resorted to

this device in order to gain favor with the Rajah, and, succeeding in doing so, they were permitted to reside in his city, on condition of adopting the language of the country, ceasing to speak their own; they were to go without arms, and dress and marry their females after the Indian fashion. They then took possession of a tract of waste land near Sanjan, and in a short time, under constant care, made it repay their toil.

Once more in safety, they renewed the practice of their religion, and, building a fire-temple, rekindled the sacred flame on its altar, A. D. 721. For three hundred years they now lived in peace, increased and multiplied, while many of them scattered themselves over the peninsula of Gujerat. In 1507 the Rajah of Sanjan was threatened by a Mohammedan chief living at Ahmedabad, and the Parsees were called upon to aid in the defence. They mustered fourteen hundred fighting-men, under a brave leader, named Ardashir, who routed the Mohammedans in several engagements, but at length, being overpowered by a superior force, was himself killed in battle, leaving the Moslem general, Aleef Khan, master of the field. The Hindoo government was overthrown, the Parsees again subjected to persecution and scattered, most of them taking refuge in the mountains of Baharout, where they remained about twelve years, afterward moving from place to place at short intervals, taking with them always the sacred flame which had been kindled at Sanjan. It is now at Oodwara, thirty-two miles south of Surat, and held in especial veneration as the oldest temple-fire in India.

After various misfortunes the wandering Parsees again made a settlement about Nowsaree and Surat, and began to display their great abilities as merchants and traders, having ever since their exile from Persia been engaged with the arts of husbandry. One of their number was patronized by the Great Mogul at Agra, the monarch being delighted with his mechanical skill, and conferring extensive favors upon him. Through the influence of this man, the English obtained valuable privileges from the Mogul about the middle of the eighteenth century. The Parsees of Surat acquired wealth and reputation about the middle of the sixteenth century, but they became greatly more important after the establishment of the Europe-

ans, acting between them and the natives as brokers, which situations they still hold in most of the foreign houses at Bombay. It may here be remarked, that the Parsees early appreciated the character of the English, their energy and dominant power. They thoroughly venerate and rely on the Anglo-Saxon character, and, knowing the value of its protection, repay it by unshaken fidelity. The British crown has no subjects more completely devoted to its interests than the Parsees.

Bombay rose into consideration as Surat and Nowsaree began to decline, the latter being now merely the city of the Parsee priests, some of whom are sent every year to perform their offices for the Bombay population. The inducement held out to the Parsees to settle in this place is not now known, neither is the exact date of their arrival, but the time was probably about 1668. Dr. Fryer, an English traveller visiting Bombay in 1671, speaks of a "Parsee tomb lately raised." The first act of this people is, always, wherever they settle, to build a *dokhma*, or "tower of silence," as a receptacle for their dead. The island was ceded to England in 1668, as the dower of Catherine of Braganza, wife of Charles II., when the Parsees and all other settlers came under British rule. Dr. Fryer makes no other allusion to the Parsees; so at the period of his visit they must have formed a very insignificant portion of the population. One Lowjee, a shipwright, was among the earliest settlers. Under his care the Bombay dock-yard was established, in 1735, and the post of master-builder has ever since continued in his family. Many fine specimens of naval architecture have been constructed in this yard, among others a noble frigate, a drawing of which, with the portrait of her Parsee builder, appeared in the Illustrated London News a year or two since. Descendants of other early and distinguished families still reside in Bombay, having acquired wealth and position, which it is to be hoped they may continue to enjoy without renewed exposure to ferocious Moslem hordes.

Following the plan of Mr. Framjee's narrative, before proceeding to treat of the flourishing and opulent community of Bombay Parsees, we will return to those who never emigrated from Persia, and who now, a mere handful of people, suffer every species of persecution at the hands of their fierce masters.



Their lands and houses have been desolated. Fair regions which once blossomed like the rose are now arid and deserted; fields once rich with heavy harvests are now the haunts of wild beasts; monuments of ancient renown are overthrown; once famous cities are become the strong-holds of robber bands. So rapid was the conquest of Persia, such thorough work did the Moslem conquerors make of it, that scarce two centuries sufficed to convert nearly the whole empire to Islamism. And it is a significant fact, proving that time works no change in the tender mercies of Mohammedan rule, that, although the Persian followers of Zoroaster numbered one hundred thousand persons about a century ago, their present strength scarce amounts to seven thousand. These are now confined to Yezd and twenty-four neighboring villages, and it appears from reliable authority that there were in 1854 in this region one thousand houses or families, with a population of 6,658, of which number 3,310 were males and 3,348 females. About twenty-five only were merchants; all the others were laborers, gaining a scanty living by tilling the soil, or by the trades of bricklayers, carpenters, weavers, &c. At Kirman about four hundred and fifty of the race exist, and at Teheran, the capital of Persia, some fifty merchants are found, as well as a few gardeners attached to the Shah's palace. Four successive revolutions have within a century and a half almost annihilated the Parsees of Persia; in each one, no matter by whom fomented, they have suffered every indignity. Under Nadir Shah and his successor they were again forced to choose between conversion, flight, or slaughter, and at this day they are utterly at the mercy of their foes. Of course it is nearly impossible that a people harassed with such continual persecution should preserve either intellectual culture or sound information concerning their own religion. The Parsees of Bombay were at one time in hopes of obtaining from their Persian brothers some of their ancient liturgical books, but on inquiry it appeared that none had been preserved. Professor Westergaard of Copenhagen, who visited Persia in 1843, wrote to a friend in Bombay regarding these sacred volumes: "I stopped at Yezd eleven days, and though I often went out among them (the Parsees), I did not see more than sixteen or seventeen books

in all; two or three copies of the Vendidad Sadé, and the Izeshiné (which they call Yaçu), and six or seven of the Khordé Avesta, of which I got two and part of a third. These, besides part of the Bundesh, and part of another Pehelvi book, were all I could get, though I tried hard to obtain more, especially part of the Izeshne with a Pehelvi, or, as they say, Pazund translation, of which there is only one copy in Europe, at Copenhagen." In another place the same traveller found that not one could read the Pehelvi, and the people told him that, when a Mohammedan chief gave up the town to pillage, many of the inhabitants were killed and most of the books destroyed.

Nearly all these people are exceedingly poor, yet they are ground to the dust by obnoxious imposts from which the Mohammedans are free; one of the most burdensome being the *jusia*, or-poll tax. Owing to the venal and greedy character of the public tax-gatherers, this is often made much heavier than at first decreed by the imperial authority. It appears that about one thousand adult Parsees are required to pay it; of this number two hundred can do so without difficulty, and four hundred with much sacrifice, while the others are utterly unable to meet it. These last then undergo a terrible ordeal; they are subjected to great cruelties, are put to the torture in hopes of extorting money, when those whose resolution cannot hold out are forced to embrace Islamism, in which case the tax is remitted. If still obdurate, the victim has no resource but flight, leaving his family in beggary. No Persian Parsee can obtain justice at the hands of a Mohammedan: his safety is even endangered by the attempt. The plaintiff is usually treated with contempt, and the decision given on principle against the unbeliever. The sanctity of his fire-temples and "towers of silence" is set at naught, and if he is murdered by a Moslem, the act is one rather to be commended. Still, in spite of their wretched condition, the character of the Parsees is said to be worthy of admiration, the men noted for integrity, and their women preserving chastity in the midst of temptation. The Bombay Parsees in their prosperity have not forgotten their unfortunate countrymen; means have been devised for their relief, schools established for the gratuitous

instruction of their children, and it is supposed that some effort will be made by way of remonstrance with the Persian court regarding the cruel injustice practised toward its Zoroastrian subjects.

The number of the whole Parsee people does not at this day exceed 150,000 persons, the greater part of whom reside in Bombay and in the province of Gujerat, about two hundred miles to the north of it. According to the census taken on the night of the 20th of August, 1851, the Parsees in that island on that day amounted to 110,544, of whom 68,754 were males and 41,790 females. It is doubtless much larger now, as within the last twenty years their increase has been very rapid. Even fifteen years ago they were confined to a part of the fort and native town; now they have dispersed themselves all over the island, but still preserving their pure race, marriage with the Hindoos and Mohammedans being strictly forbidden. There are still at Surat about 20,000 of their number, but the most enterprising sought Bombay as its commercial importance was developed, while upwards of twenty thousand more are scattered in Persia, and in various cities of Hindostan and China. All the Indian Parsees are divided into two great sects, the Shensoys and the Kudmis, the first being by far the most numerous, the other claiming about ten thousand souls. These two bodies differ on no article of faith, their forms and ceremonies are the same, their members freely mingling in society, and in all relations of life. They simply differ as to a date in their chronology, in calculating the era of Yesdezird III., the last king of the Sassanian dynasty, from whom they reckon time, as Christians date from the birth of the Saviour, and Moslems from the Hegira. The difference of time between the two sects is about one month, and the only trouble to which it has so far led was a violent discussion styled the "Kubeesa Controversy," which, like most others of the same nature, only ended in convincing the disputants more firmly of their several points, and at this day the leading men of each party pay little regard to the dispute.

The Parsee year is divided into twelve months, and each month into thirty days with distinct names, so that in regard to the dispute "the chief importance of the matter arises from

the fact that a Parsee when he prays has to repeat the year, month, and day on which he offers his petition ; therefore the mention of the date is the only distinction between the prayer of a Kudmi and that of a Shenshoy, and the same difference exists in the keeping of the festivals which are common to both sects." These festivals are quite numerous, and the most important of them are religiously observed. One of the principal feasts is that of Pappati, or New Year's day, and is in honor of Yesdezird III., the unfortunate monarch who was dethroned by the Caliph Omar about 640 A. D. The Parsees reckon their era from him, because it was the ancient custom of Persia to date from a monarch's accession, and as Yesdezird had no successor, of course they have continued to count from the last of their sovereigns, their current year being 1227. As their years are divided into three hundred and sixty-five days, and leap year is unknown to them, they add from time to time certain days to make up the deficiency. On *Pappati* the Parsees universally rise at an early hour, put on new suits of clothes, and in large numbers resort to their fire-temples, visit their friends and relatives to perform the *Hamma-i-jour*, or "joining of hands," which is a social custom something like the wishing of a happy new year. Their friends and relatives are invited to breakfast, after which they spend the day in their country-houses and clubs in festive enjoyment, while the poor are also remembered, and new suits of clothes presented to servants.

The *Khordad-Sal* is in honor of the birth of their great prophet Zoroaster, born in the city of Rai, in the north of Persia, about 520 B. C. *Furrohurdin Jasan* is set apart for those ceremonies performed in honor of the dead, especially for those who have died abroad, and the date of whose demise is not certainly known. *Ardibehest Jasan* is in honor of the angel Ardibehest Amsaspund, who controls the sacred fire, and on this day the fire-temples are crowded with worshippers, who adore the flame, not as an object of worship, but as a symbol of the Deity. The *Nowroz* is a celebrated festival, which falls generally on the 21st day of March, corresponding to the vernal equinox, and is in honor of Jamshid, the most famous of the Persian monarchs, whose glory is the frequent theme



of Eastern poets, and supposed to be represented in the ancient bass-reliefs of "superb Persepolis." Jamshid flourished, according to tradition, 3,000 years before Christ, and this festival is observed by many of the modern Orientals for the purpose of computing the solar year, and for state purposes, such as the collection of revenue, agricultural arrangements, &c. *Ava Ardui Sur Jasan* is a festival in honor of the angel who presides over the sea, on which day the Parsees approach the sea, or any stream of water, and chant prayers in the Zend language. Many superstitious practices have in the course of time crept into these festivals and others, and such observances as offering sugar, cocoa-nuts, flowers, brass and silver vessels, have been engrafted on the Zoroastrian ceremonial, and are all of Hindoo origin.

The domestic manners and customs of the Parsees are peculiar and interesting. As soon as the mother begins to feel the pangs of parturition, she is removed to the ground floor of the house, where she remains for forty days after the birth of the infant. The exact period of its entrance into the world is noted down, and five days afterward an astrologer is invited to the house to cast its nativity. The better class of Parsees now ridicule this superstition, but many of them, the women especially, are still very ignorant, and have implicit faith in the astrologer's farrago of "sounding and glittering generalities." The child's dress, until it is seven years of age, when it is invested with the sacred shirt and cord, is very simple and becoming, consisting of one loose garment, and the skull-cap, while any amount of ornament may be lavished upon them. The costume of adults has been already described. At seven years of age the child's robe is thrown off, when it is washed with appropriate ceremonies, placed before the Dastoor, or high-priest, who pronounces a blessing and puts on the sudra and kusti. The kusti, or coosty, is made of seventy-two threads of fine wool, denoting the seventy-two paragraphs of the sacred book of *Izeshne*, or *Izume*, and in making it much care is employed. In the first place six pieces are formed, each of twelve threads, denoting the twelve chapters of one of the twenty-one books, and the six pieces the six intervals in which God made the uni-

verse. These united in one form the *kusti*. This must be untied and tied around the body at least eight times in a day. In tying it there are three turnings, signifying that the wearer will not think, wish, or do anything sinful. Four knots upon the cincture denote the four elements, in tying each of which he repeats certain portions of his creed. The *sudra* is made of gauze, net, or linen, and used to protect the coosty. The women are very fond of rich dress, elegant silks and satins embroidered with gold, and jewels of every description.

The Parsees readily adopt improvements, and in their present prosperity imitate European fashions, those in Bombay who are wealthy vying with each other in display. Many of them now adopt the mode of eating seated at a table, and using knife, fork, and spoon; but those whom we knew in China, unless on festive occasions, preferred their primitive style of squatting upon the ground, eating from one large dish, and using their fingers in helping themselves to quantities of *gee*, an unctuous mass of rice and butter. Their educated men have of late years acted wisely in taking their meals in company with the females of their families, but generally they are separated. The Parsee women are much secluded, after the fashion of all Orientals, but they are not ill-treated, have many privileges, and their condition is constantly improving. Early marriages are very common, parties being often betrothed at birth, while match-making is a regular profession. Mr. Framjee laments these juvenile marriages, the consultations with astrologers, and the immense expense of many of the weddings. When the betrothal is agreed upon, the parents send each a dress for the boy and girl: this completes the contract, which cannot now be broken. A lucky day for the marriage celebration is fixed by the astrologer, and from this cause a great number of weddings take place on the same day. Several days before the ceremony are given up to feasting, if the parties happen to be wealthy, and in such cases the relatives of the bride and bridegroom exchange ornaments and rich dresses. To such an extent is this carried, and so pernicious is the example, that many of the poorer classes ruin themselves in imitating opulent neighbors, frequently resorting to the money-lender to raise loans at

heavy interest, and sometimes bearing a load of debt for the rest of their lives. This is only equalled by the folly of the Chinese, who often impoverish themselves in order to bury a father with due magnificence. Near sunset, the whole of the bridegroom's party, male and female, repair to the home of the bride, the procession being headed by a band of music, followed by the bridegroom, the priests, and the male friends, while the females bring up the rear. A carpet being spread on the ground floor, the happy pair are seated upon it on handsome chairs, side by side, while the priests, who stand opposite to them, repeat the nuptial benediction, first in the Zend language, and then in the Sanscrit. After this the ceremony is concluded by washing the bridegroom's toes with milk, and rubbing his face with the bride's *cholee*,—a silk vest. Bouquets of beautiful flowers and little packets of betel-nut are then distributed to each member of the company, and rose-water is sprinkled profusely over the guests. The bridegroom and his party now retire, when a banquet is served, the ladies first sitting down to it, and after they have risen, the table is relaid for the gentlemen. Parsee widows are allowed to remarry, while bigamy is strictly prohibited, and numerous rules for the protection of wives and widows have been adopted.

The death-bed and funeral ceremonies of the Parsees are very singular, differing from those of all other nations. As soon as the medical attendant pronounces recovery hopeless, the dying man is washed, arrayed in clean clothes, and listens to the exhortations of the priests, who repeat certain texts of the Zend Avesta, the patient himself joining in the exercises, if he has sufficient strength. When dead, his body is wrapped again in clean clothes, and laid out on an oblong piece of polished stone, resting on the floor. The female friends and relatives assemble to mourn, sitting together on carpets in the same room with the corpse; the men remain in the veranda of the house. When death takes place at night, the body is kept until the next morning; but if four or five hours intervene before sunset, it is removed the same evening. It is then placed upon an iron bier, brought in by *nassesalars*, or corpse-bearers, while two priests stand facing it and recite from the book of *Izeshul*, a kind of homily on death, which is usually

lost upon the audience, who do not understand the Zend language. The body is then borne off to the *Dokhma*, or Tower of Silence, erected always in a solitary place, and often on a mountain,—those of the Bombay Parsees being on the highest part of the Malabar hill. The male friends follow the corpse, and on arriving at the spot, the face is once more uncovered, when all bow toward it. The bearers then carry the corpse into the tower, where it is left exposed to the vultures, who soon strip it of flesh, when the bones fall into a grating beneath, and are afterward removed to a subterranean place of deposit. On returning from the funeral, the priests, friends, and relatives wash their hands and feet, and pray. The relations of the deceased are visited twice a day, at morning and evening, for three successive days; on the fourth, there is a solemn feast, and the relatives go to worship in the fire-temples. The women remain in mourning from three to thirty days. The towers of silence, before mentioned, “are buildings of a circular form, about ten feet high, surrounded by walls of the same height. In the centre of these there is a hole, ten feet deep, communicating with secret vaults. There are many lines of communication, and numerous apartments. There are three receptacles of unequal dimensions, one for children, one for females, and one for men. The ashes or remains of the dead are left in the centre hole. A cemetery, calculated to receive the bodies of thirty-five men, thirty-five women, and thirty-five children,—a model of which is in possession of the Royal Asiatic Society,—has at the base a circumference of one hundred and seventy-five feet, and one of a hundred and seventy feet at top, which is open, so that the bodies of the men, women, and children are all, in their respective places, exposed to the sun and rain. The three receptacles for the bodies are in a circular form, one within the other, the partitions running parallel with the outer wall of the cemetery. The innermost receptacle is for the children, the next for the women, and the other for the men.”\*

We wonder almost, that Mr. Framjee, enlightened as he is and progressive in his views, has not lifted up his voice against

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\* Chinese Repository.



such a hideous and repulsive mode of treating the dead, — one that robs the grave of all sanctity, and disgusting even to think of.

The laws and internal government of the Parsees, after their expatriation from Persia, have until within a recent period been conducted in a simple and primitive manner; they have been managed by a "punchayet," or committee of five, chosen from among their wisest men. In early times the decisions of this body were deferred to without hesitation; but since the Indian Parsees have been under British rule, and especially in late years, its authority has been waning, and is now little regarded. A new code of laws, characterized by an advanced and liberal spirit, yet still in accordance with the ancient customs and usages of the Parsees, has lately been drafted, and will no doubt be finally adopted by the entire community.

But it is in their commercial pursuits that the Parsees display the most remarkable spirit. They are now beyond all doubt the richest and most enterprising body of merchants in the East. With the rise of British power, they too have risen in affluence and importance, while the Mohammedans and Hindoos have declined; and Mr. Framjee attributes the fact to the ancient character of the race, still kept alive through centuries of oppression, and again bursting forth with renewed opportunity. The Parsees, on their arrival in India, employed themselves as artisans and tillers of the soil; but after so continuing for nearly a thousand years, they at once attained distinction when commercial enterprise was open to them. Those with whom we came in contact in China — and they are the same everywhere — had the reputation of being exceedingly shrewd, keen, and eager, but strictly honorable and trustworthy: they have no written contracts between themselves. Wherever the English have gone in Asia, the Parsees have followed them; they have established mercantile houses in London, and banks and joint-stock companies in many of the large Indian cities. They have built ships and railroads, and Bombay derives its chief prosperity and opulence from their industry and intelligent spirit. The wealth they have acquired has not been hoarded in niggardly fashion; they spend liberally, although notoriously fond of money. Some of them have done their

utmost to improve their estates, and to promote the extension of agriculture, to introduce tea and cotton, sugar-cane, indigo, and mulberries for silk-worms. Others have constructed roads, bridges, canals, and public tanks. One of their railroad contractors has displayed marked ability; he has constructed nearly ninety miles of railroad at various points, many very large viaducts, deep rock cuttings, embankments, and culverts, and employed 17,000 hands. Of the 110,544 Parsees in Bombay at the last census, more than one half, or 61,298, were merchants, bankers, or brokers. 11,028 were writers and accountants; 5,227 liquor-dealers; 2,056 schoolmasters; 1,535 money-changers; 616 printers and book-binders; and 5,656 priests. Other professions were fairly represented, excepting a solitary policeman, but there was not a single butcher, barber, washerman, chair-bearer, or scavenger. Some few are in government employ, and perhaps a dozen others are judges of small causes, magistrates, translators, and interpreters. Others are shipwrights and machinists. Some of our readers may remember to have seen, three or four years ago, about the steamboats of New York and Boston, a Parsee in his native costume. He had with him credentials and letters, and visited this country to gain information regarding engines and river steamers.

The wealth of some of the Parsees is colossal; the name of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy is universally known as of one of the richest and most munificent men in the world, created a baronet in 1842 as a mark of recognition of his eminent services. His parents were poor and of very obscure family, and it is said that he commenced his career as a merchant by selling bottles for a livelihood. In the course of his long life he has amassed a fortune which few British nobles can equal. In 1822 his riches and charities began to attract public attention. Where money is openly given in such large sums, the gifts are frequently imputed to ostentation; but it is said that Sir Jamsetjee's private charities have been as large as his public ones. He has bestowed for various known purposes more than a million of dollars, and without the least reservation of a sectarian nature; Christians, Jews, Mohammedans, Hindoos, Parsees, all have shared his liberality. In June, 1856, he was pub-

licly thanked by Lord Elphinstone on behalf of the European and native population of Bombay, and a statue was voted to him to be placed in the Town-Hall. This has lately been completed in England, and shipped to Bombay. Sir Jamsetjee has founded the "Parsee Benevolent Institution" for the education and maintenance of poor Parsee children, at an expense of \$ 250,000. He also gave \$ 150,000 for other educational purposes, and \$ 50,000 to found a school of design. Beside these sums he has given largely for the relief of poor Parsee debtors, for places of worship and cemeteries, for hospitals for the sick and the blind, for wells, reservoirs, granaries, tanks, churches, roads, causeways, bridges, schools, free schools, the Sailors' Home of Bombay, and a vast number of other objects. Many wealthy Parsees have followed Sir Jamsetjee's example, and it is a gratifying fact that not a single Parsee beggar is ever to be seen in Bombay. No soldiers are to be found of the Parsee caste ; but this is easily accounted for by the fact, that the lowest rate of wages, such as servants earn, is double the pay of the Sepoy. Mr. Framjee claims great prowess for his countrymen, but in this case we suspect that he rather exaggerates ; those in Canton had no great reputation for bravery in any troubles with the Chinese, and on one occasion a Parsee gentleman of the same surname as our author, who belabored some insolent Chinese, acquired such a reputation by this unwonted act, that he went always afterward by the name of " Fighting Framjee."

Education has within the last forty years made much progress among the Parsees. Before that time the great mass of them were quite ignorant. The schools were few and poorly conducted by half-educated Indo-Britons ; but in 1820, when Lord Elphinstone established the Bombay Native Education Society, the Parsees were the first to profit by it, and a few years later themselves subscribed large sums of money, and raised a fund for a college to educate their countrymen in the higher branches of European literature and science. These two establishments now form one institution, bearing the name of Elphinstone. The difference in race cannot be better exemplified, than by the fact that the Parsees, although not nearly so numerous about Bombay as the Hindoos, always

outnumber them at the college, while the unchangeable, bigoted Mohammedans never go near it. No Parsee in good circumstances now neglects to give his child a sound English education, and the many private schools conducted by English teachers are crowded by the Parsee children. The "Parsee Benevolent Institution," which bears the name of Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, was established in 1842, when his countrymen, much pleased at the honor conferred on him, presented him with an address, requesting his permission to form a fund, to be styled "Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy's Translation Fund," for the purpose of translating into the Guzerati language approved books from European and Asiatic languages, to be published and distributed gratis, or sold at a very low price, among the Parsee people. To this fund Sir Jamsetjee added very largely, so that the annual income of the institution is \$20,000 per annum, and the aggregate number of boys instructed by it was, at the time of the last report, 1,294. Some adults have of late years been qualified as instructors and as physicians.

It is gratifying to find, too, that female education has not been neglected, although until within a few years it was never thought of. The late Framjee Cowasjee, one of the most wealthy and liberal of the Parsees, as he himself advanced in knowledge, felt the want of it in his wife and children, and determined to begin in his own family the education of females. When one calls to mind the strength of Oriental prejudice, the prestige of ancient customs, and the isolation of the reformer, the name of Framjee Cowasjee deserves to be inscribed in letters of gold in every school-house of Bombay. He boldly persevered in his enterprise, treating with contempt the ridicule he excited, and, although but partially successful, set a noble example, which was followed in good time. As the young men became educated, they grew unwilling to marry ignorant women, and insisted on educating their female children. Their training did not fairly begin until 1849, when, on the 22d of October, four girls' schools were opened, and forty-four pupils presented themselves the first day. Many Parsee gentlemen have contributed liberally to the good work, and there are now seven girls' schools in Bombay, attended by one



thousand Parsee girls. The chief difficulty in the way of their progress at present lies in their early removal from school. As they approach the age of puberty, Oriental jealousy interferes, and removes them from the profane gaze of the master. This prejudice will probably be overcome, as the Parsees grow more enlightened. Individual cases are now by no means rare, among this people, of high intellectual culture. They publish several influential newspapers. One of Sir Jamsetjee's sons is a distinguished Oriental scholar, who has distributed gratis thousands of copies of his works. Another scholar has published a grammar of the Pehelvi language, and has been for years engaged on an English, Pehelvi, and Zend dictionary, a work of great learning and toil. Four young men, sons of rich merchants, are now being educated at the University College of London.

The ancient faith professed by the Parsees is one of great interest to the theological student. It has undergone many vicissitudes during a period of nearly twenty-four centuries. From the time of Zoroaster in the reign of Darius Hystaspes, until the conquest of Persia by Alexander the Great, it was most flourishing. It then languished for a period of five hundred and fifty-six years, until revived, A. D. 226, by Ardeshir Babekan. This monarch made great efforts to restore it to its purity; he collected the sacred books, and had them translated into Pehelvi, then the current language of Persia; he built fire-temples, and inspired others with his religious enthusiasm. This reformation lasted for four hundred and sixteen years, until the religion and monarchy of Persia were overthrown by Omar and his Arabs. Authorities vary as to the date of Zoroaster's birth, but most generally fix it in the sixth century before Christ. According to tradition, he was miraculously conceived, — was exposed as a child to extraordinary persecutions, being once cast into a blazing fire and escaping unhurt. He is said to have left his native town, Rai, at the age of thirty, and proceeded with his entire family to the capital of Persia; and at forty to have appeared before the king, bearing the sacred fire and a cypress-tree. The monarch, and some of his principal counsellors, soon embraced the new doctrines, and Zoroaster produced the sacred books, called Avesta, writ-

ten in the Zend language. Some writers maintain that the Zend is derived from the Sanscrit, and that these books were written in a later age ; but the best Oriental scholars contend for their genuineness, and the independent antiquity of the language. The books produced by the prophet contained twenty-one volumes, a majority of which are lost. The Parsees still possess a few, which escaped destruction ; and of these, the first, fourth, seventh, eighth, and ninth contain mostly rules for religious ceremonials, and instructions for the practice of the Zoroastrian religion, for the adoration of the Almighty, and moral precepts ; others are books of prayers. The oldest manuscript copies of the *Vandidad* and *Izashné* are in the Royal Library of Copenhagen, the first-named work bearing date the 24th day of the fourth month of the year of *Yesde-zird* 692 (A. D. 1323). "The whole foundation of the sacred or religious works of the Parsees is, as it were, built upon three important injunctions which pervade the Parsee Scriptures, and are pithily expressed by three significant terms used in the Avesta, viz. *Homuté*, *Hookhte*, and *Vurusté*, which mean purity of speech, purity of action, and purity of thought. This is the moral of the Parsee religion, and on it the whole structure of the Zend Avesta is raised." The first point of the Parsee religion is to recognize and adore Ormuzd, the master of all that is good, and the principle of all righteousness ; and the second, to detest Ahriman, the author of all moral and physical evil. The charge brought against the Parsees, that they worship fire, the sun, water, and air, is not true ; and they themselves repel the charge with indignation. They worship *before* fire, considering light as the purest emblem of the Deity, and they therefore do not really deserve the title of "fire-worshippers" ; but a Parsee, in accordance with this idea, is directed to turn his face toward the fire or the sun, as the most proper symbols of the Deity. Therefore the Parsees are not idolaters : they are pure monotheists, worshipping one God only. There are at present three fire-temples in Bombay, the last built erected in 1844, at a cost of \$ 125,000.

Mr. Framjee cites many European authorities to prove that his assertions as to the alleged worship of fire are perfectly correct. They are so beyond all reasonable doubt. The Par-

see priests are, as a general thing, exceedingly ignorant ; and it is probable that before long the increased intelligence of the people will demand radical changes in the clerical body. This can only be accomplished by educating the rising members of the priesthood, which is an hereditary profession, — for no layman can become a priest.

We have given an abstract of Mr. Framjee's valuable book. Much of the information contained in it is entirely new to the European reader. In the face of Mohammedan bigotry, never more insolent in spirit than now, and the hopeless state of fossilized China, we may yet hope in the future of the Oriental mind, as we read the records of the regenerated Parsees.

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ART. II. — CHATEAUBRIAND.

*La Tribune Moderne.* Première Partie. M. DE CHATEAUBRIAND, *sa Vie, ses Écrits, son Influence Littéraire et Politique sur son Temps.* Par M. VILLEMAIN, Membre de l'Institut. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1858. 8vo. pp. 564.

A WITTY Frenchman, M. Edouard de Gueule, recently said that "the fancy of our time is for exhumations of great men. Wholly new reputations are made, old ones are repaired, and the public applauds, for it thirsts for heroes, and just now the supply seems inferior to the demand." This taste is peculiar to no nation. In America not less than in Europe, and in the smaller states of Europe not less than in the larger, we observe this mania for personal memoirs and criticisms. Gillfillan, Saint Beuve, and Heine have found their imitators in Italy and Greece, and even the Spanish journals are raking in the ashes of dead celebrities for some sparks of the old Castilian fire to irradiate their dulness. A considerable part of Russian literature, which is known to the rest of Europe as only of yesterday, consists in reviewing what the Russian romancers and poets have already done. Since Bolchowitinoff published, more than a quarter-century ago, his sketches of Russian literati, literary anatomy has been a favorite pursuit

in St. Petersburg. Pushkia has furnished a subject as inexhaustible as Goethe in Germany or Shakespeare in England; and a dreadful list of famous names in "Koff," "Jeff," and "Ski," follows in the train of this prince of Russian letters, to take their turn of critical judgment. Nay, the thing has gone so far, that in Russia, as in France and England, there is criticism of the critics: there is a class of men whose work is analogous to that of the naval officer in our custom-houses, or the auditor of our treasuries, — they look after those who look after others.

The most recent biographer of M. de Chateaubriand, whose work furnishes the text for this paper, gives us to understand that that great writer, fond as he was of contemporary fame, cared more for the verdict of posterity, wrote for posterity, and preferred, at the sacrifice of many present comforts, to stand well with the race to come after him. If Chateaubriand desired *laudari a viro laudato*, he would have certainly chosen, above all others, for his biographer, the man who is his admirer, defender, and, in the opinion of France, his literary successor. Duty, not less than inclination, would seem to guarantee praise from such a source; — for is it not the special charge of a "Perpetual Secretary" of the French Academy to "make eulogies"? If comparatively small men must be celebrated, (and such there are sometimes, even in the Institute of France,) may not a great man rest assured of his future honor? But M. Villemain construes the duties of his office somewhat differently. To "make eulogy" is not, as he understands it, to lavish panegyric. He has no fancy for covering the tomb of a popular idol with dry *immortelles*, or with fragrant flowers even, or of crowning this one afresh. His idea of a faithful eulogist is of one who speaks the severe truth, exaggerating nothing, extenuating nothing, only showing character in its actual lights and shades. He has done this very faithfully in the case of Chateaubriand. A better piece of biography we do not remember, — one more divested of all partisanship, malice, flattery, and vanity of authorship. No biographer of an intimate friend can keep himself completely out of sight in his work, — a Frenchman least of all, and M. Villemain is a genuine Frenchman. Yet only two or three



times, as we recollect, in all this thick volume, does the author's personality fairly appear, and then it brings out others more prominently. He only comes forward, like the manager in the theatres, to lead some shrinking *prima donna*, who without such a *chaperon* might not venture in front of the curtain, or risk alone the ordeal of so many eyes. This excessive personal reserve, while it lends dignity to M. Villemain's book, rather subdues its warmth. It might be less valuable, but it would be more entertaining, if the author gave us more of his own reminiscences, more of his own impressions of Chateaubriand. We could spare a large part of the political history, if its place were supplied by the conversation, the table and saloon talk, which is so scantily furnished. The one brilliant specimen of that evening in the house of Madame de Duvas (p. 364 *et seq.*) only provokes us by showing what store of anecdote M. Villemain might have produced, if he had only chosen to open his full treasury. To foreign readers, certainly, that conversation is the best thing in the volume.

This personal reserve of M. Villemain is remarkable in a French writer. But more than this, we miss also a condensed estimate of the genius and character of Chateaubriand. It is easy to divine, as we read the volume, what the "Perpetual Secretary" thinks of his great literary predecessor; but he leaves us to this divination, and nowhere pronounces a complete and definite judgment. He gives the man, and leaves his readers to see the portrait as their ingenuity can eliminate it from his narrative. Every part of the life is fairly presented, with the influences which surrounded it, the motives which swayed it, and the works which it accomplished, — its romance and its commonplace, its greatness and its meanness. To sustain the interest of so long a story was not an easy task. Chateaubriand figured in too many scenes, was distinguished in too many walks, and lived too many years to make the results of the study of his life perfectly satisfactory. He was a poet, a novelist, an historian, an essayist, a patriot and a courtier, a statesman and a diplomatist, a traveller and an exile, a political philosopher and a religious dreamer; and in his character there were contrasts as peculiar as in the circumstances of his life. In the year 1793, he lived in a garret in

London, going whole days without food, compelled sometimes to remain in bed all day from lack of fire to keep out the cold, and constantly tempted to suicide. In the year 1822, hardly a generation later, he came to that city as the plenipotentiary of the French realm, with a brilliant retinue, and with all the prestige of a universal literary fame. That contrast of fortune has, indeed, been surpassed in the present generation by the visit of the autocrat of thirty-six millions to the city where, less than ten years before, he had lived as an obscure adventurer, when the royal heir of the Tudors and Plantagenets suffered the contact of the lips of her former special constable. But in the character of Chateaubriand there are inconsistencies quite as striking as this change in his fortunes. His most intimate friends dreaded his terrible vindictiveness, yet his enemies acknowledged his generosity. He almost ruined himself to save those from ruin who had no claim upon his aid; yet he left no stone unturned to ruin those who had injured him. His inordinate vanity, which equalled, if possible, even that of Lamartine, was joined to an obstinacy which, like the obstinacy of Charles the Tenth, continually exposed him to mortifications. No writer coveted more the honor of a place in the French Academy; yet when this honor was at last reluctantly bestowed upon him, he declined it, rather than pronounce the eulogy of Joseph Chénier, whose place he was called to fill, but whose principles he disliked. He could boast that his acts were often diametrically opposed to his opinions; that he worked for absolutism, while he favored liberalism. In his work on the "Restoration," published in 1831, after the accession of Louis Philippe, whose government he refused to support, he gives his extraordinary confession of faith: "I am, by *honor*, of the Bourbon party, — royalist, by reason and conviction, — republican, by preference and disposition." He parades constantly his loyalty, and the sacrifices which he made in behalf of the exiled Bourbons; but his attachment and services to the exiled family of Charles the Tenth, and his style of address toward them, were very different from the reverential devotion of Bertrand to Napoleon at St. Helena, or of the attendants of the exiled house of Stuart. The loyalty of Chateaubriand was not a passion, but only part of his pride.

The same inconsistency shows itself in the friendships of Chateaubriand. With those who were his equals in rank, whose opinions and tastes were similar to his own, he was cold, jealous, and suspicious, while with men of a different age, position, or pursuit, whose opinions were unlike his own, he was hearty, sincere, and constant in his attachment. He gave to the democrats Arago and Béranger a confidence which he would not give to his own political friends; and for Armand Carrel he had an affection almost romantic. Carrel seems to have been one of the few men whom Chateaubriand really loved, in spite of the broad difference of their aims and principles. With this melancholy and suspicious, but radically noble nature, he had a true sympathy. He never could speak of Carrel without emotion, and, for years after the fatal duel with Girardin, went annually to lay fresh flowers upon the tomb of his friend, so sadly snatched away and so deeply lamented.

The life of Chateaubriand may properly be divided into four periods. The first of these periods, including about thirty years, was characterized by aimless wanderings, by morbid introspections, by whimsical restlessness, and by a prevailing scepticism. The spiritual history of this period is given to us in "*Réné*," that brilliant French counterpart to the Sorrows of Werter, the most famous, as it is on the whole the most unhealthy and worthless, of the writings of the great "master of sentences." Chateaubriand's boyhood was not a happy one. He was the youngest of ten children. His father, a grim, austere, unbending despot, treated him with equal neglect and severity. With no one of his family had he much personal intercourse except with his sister Lucile, nearest to his own age, and sharing some of his fantastic tastes. The pietism of his mother disgusted him with the Church, as much as the military rigor of his father made him averse to the army. His early associates were the rough artisans of St. Malo, and their quarrelsome children; and the child of an aristocratic lineage found even this society a relief from the stiff routine of his father's castle. He studied by fits and intervals, sometimes working hard upon the Latin and Greek classics, but always dreaming more than he worked. An introduction at court in

his nineteenth year might gratify his vanity, but could not quiet his restlessness. His capricious temper refused to accept the opportunity for distinction opened to him; he renounced all hope of military honors, and gave himself, against the wishes of friends, to the hazards of literature and poetry.

In the very midst of the excitements of the Revolution, in the next year after the destruction of the Bastile, which he witnessed, Chateaubriand published his first poem. It is interesting to compare these flimsy and halting verses, sickly in sentiment and commonplace in expression, with the future glories of the lord of French letters and the interpreter of Milton. Byron's first efforts, defective as they were, gave incomparably more promise of genius and success, than Chateaubriand's idyl about *Country Life*. Fortunately, the verses were too insignificant to be severely criticised at so stirring an epoch, and the author had no sufficient provocation either to suicide or to such brilliant poetical revenge as Byron took. The fever of adventure took the place of the poetical mania, or rather utilized this mania. The Northwest Passage invited Chateaubriand away from the distractions of Paris. Bidding adieu to his "respectable mother," he embarks in a leaking craft, with only a few dismal young priests for companions, and after a long passage and a narrow escape from shipwreck finally presents himself, fortified with a letter of introduction, to the President of the United States. This interview is the best thing in Chateaubriand's American experiences. The cautious Washington listens patiently to the vagaries of the enthusiast, suggests some practical difficulties, and is not won to approval even by the bold compliment which his young guest ventures: "It cannot be so difficult to discover a Polar Passage as to create a people, as you have done."

Chateaubriand, as might be expected, did not get much aid and comfort in his enterprise among the shrewd Yankees. Neither the citizens of New York nor those of Boston gave him encouragement or helped him to capital. It is not probable that, if he had come sixty years later, Mr. Grinnell would have intrusted to such a character his Arctic expedition. His disappointment about the Northwest Passage was speedily con-



soled by his discovery of a new theatre for his genius in the wild scenery and the Indian tribes of this continent. It may gratify American vanity to learn that, in the opinion of Villemain and many lesser judges, modern French literature was "born" in our forests, and on the banks of our Western rivers. That short year which the melancholy stripling passed in the wigwams of the New Continent, babbling of flowers and waterfalls, and legends, and the Great Spirit, with the rude children of nature — that year of journeys in the unbroken wilderness was, by confession of members of the French Academy, a year of regeneration to the most polished literature in Europe. The poet had found his true voice in the echoes of these solitudes. His diseased fancies had been quickened and healed by this ministry of primitive life; and when duty seemed to recall him to his native land, which he had left with so few regrets, the impressions of this American sojourn were constantly working to give to his soul a more even tone, and open before him a career. French travellers in our day carry back from America more than our less accurate Saxon vision can see; but no traveller has ever carried back such wealth of imagery as Chateaubriand.

Several years more of unsettled habits, of doubts and fears, must intervene before the wanderer could enter upon a steady pursuit, or find the faith which he needed. Marriage did not create this. The young lady whom Chateaubriand's sisters chose for him might bring him a moderate dowry, but not domestic happiness or sympathizing companionship. The excitements of the gaming-table speedily obliterated the charm of his wife's society; and for the rest of his life Chateaubriand showed himself indifferent to the woman who bore his name and was proud of his distinction. All the sentimental harangues about love and domestic bliss in Chateaubriand's writings cannot blind us to the fact, that he repaid the devotion of a blameless and accomplished wife by a cold neglect, to say nothing worse. He enlisted in the army, was wounded at Thionville, came near dying in the transportations to Guernsey and Jersey to which he was successively compelled, and, after many risks and narrow escapes, found himself at last in London, without friends, money, or resource

of any kind, living in a garret, as we before mentioned. But French exiles always manage to make their way. His absence at London saved him from the fate which befell his brother, and made him the heir of the house whose head had just fallen under the axe of the Revolutionary tribunal. He became a copyist of manuscripts in the county of Suffolk; and we need not be surprised that the accomplishments of the amanuensis captivated the heart of the sensitive daughter of an Anglican divine. Mrs. Ives's proposal in behalf of her child to the young scribe was flattering to his self-love; but honor compelled him to acknowledge that he had a wife already, though he had before made no allusion to her. He returned at once to London, where he resumed his career as an author by publishing his "Essay upon Revolutions."

The only important result of this publication was to reveal Chateaubriand's remarkable command of his native tongue, to indicate the rich resources of his genius, and to furnish him, by its limited sale, with the means of finding his daily bread. The book itself was a confused mass of eloquent but inconsequent reasoning, of historical facts loosely arranged; and its philosophy was a desponding scepticism. It attracted but little notice, either in France or England. But it saddened the last days of his pious mother, and her last dying wish was that her son might have his eyes opened and be restored to the Catholic faith. This wish, communicated by one of his sisters, who herself died a few days after the letter was sent, struck with remorse the wavering heart of the sceptic. The double death converted him. He was not convinced of his error by "any supernatural light." He only wept, and believed; and from this time his methods and purposes were changed. He became an earnest worker, and entered on what we may call the second period of his life. It is probable that ambition had quite as much as contrition to do with his change; and that he heeded not less than the voices from the grave, the voice of his friend and patron, De Fontanes: "Work, work, my dear friend; become illustrious, — you can do it. The future is yours."

The work to which Chateaubriand now set himself was the "Genius of Christianity," in which he aimed to efface the im-

pression of his former work, and to recall a sceptical and worldly age to the faith which it had lost. But he could not do this work well on English soil. He pined for France. Under the guise of a Swiss from Neuchatel, with a false passport, he was able to reach Paris, where for some time he lived in retirement, finding society only with the friends who would keep his secret. A review of M. de Stael's book on Literature and Society, published in the Mercury, was the means of bringing the author into notice, and the subsequent publication of "Atala," with its prefatory account of the author's conversion, made it unnecessary to use further precaution. France could not spare, whatever his antecedents, one who could write so eloquently, and with whose praise the Continent was speedily ringing. The greater work, of which this romantic tale was only an episode, appeared in the next year. The time of its publication was most fortunate. The Concordat of Bonaparte with the Pope had just (1802) restored to France the Catholic religion, opened all the deserted churches, and inaugurated the new era of Faith. The First Consul welcomed such an auxiliary; and though the Preface lacked that flattery which the new Cæsar expected and demanded, yet the substantial service which the book rendered was enough to compel a reward. It was the first great book of the new *régime*, and the cynical sneers which greeted it in the Academy only raised esteem for it in the Palace.

And no ridicule of the learned class could hinder the popularity of such a work. It had the qualities which insure success,—boldness of metaphor, warmth and glow of diction, short chapters and pointed sentences, confidence and at the same time moderation of tone, profuse descriptions of natural scenery, surpassing those of St. Pierre and equalling those of Rousseau,—and in a fresher field than either,—a dreamy sadness, soliciting sympathy, and a gentle spirit of prophecy, awakening visions of future rest, comfort, and glory. With these qualities it made an instant and timely appeal to the heart of France and of all Europe. It was the protest of imagination and sentiment against the iconoclasm and the philosophy which had despoiled social life of its beauty and

serenity, and fatigued men by incessant pleadings. It was what all the women and half the men of Europe were longing to hear, — a cradle-song for the new generation. Its simplicity of form made it intelligible to all minds, and it had a word of satisfaction for every common experience. Such a work, of course, could not satisfy those who asked for a great religious treatise, more than the Hebrew melodies of Moore could supply an English hymn-book. The “Genius of Christianity” is in no sense a theological work. Its plan is unscientific, and it shows but slight acquaintance either with Biblical criticism or the history of dogma. Its piety even is of the most superficial sort, and it has as little kinship with the meditations of Thomas à Kempis, as with the great work of Benjamin Constant. It asserts without proving, and rhapsodizes without discriminating. Such a work could convert no antagonist mind. As we read it now, after the lapse of half a century, it seems amazing that such frivolous platitudes should ever have carried captive an intelligent people. It is to us only splendid sentimentality, water-gruel in a cup of porcelain. It is an admirable text-book of style, but very few, we imagine, think of resorting to it to strengthen their faith, or to enlighten them concerning the mysteries of the Church or the Gospel.

The substantial payment for this work which Chateaubriand received was the place of Secretary of Legation at Rome. It was an uncomfortable position. He did not suit the Cardinal Fesch, Napoleon’s Ambassador, and the Cardinal did not suit him. One or the other was constantly sending to Paris a budget of complaints. According to Chateaubriand, the Cardinal was slow, dull, jealous, and selfish. According to the Cardinal, his secretary was vain, meddlesome, insolent, and false. Both were probably right, and both were wrong. The style of life which Chateaubriand found at Rome was not such as to reconcile him to his position. In a letter to Fontanes he gives an amusing description of society in this city. “Religion,” he says, “is going to the Devil. You have no idea of the scandalous manners and the infidelity of this country. Cardinals, prelates, monks, only try to see who can be most debauched, most careless about their grand concern.” This remarkable ebullition of spleen is



more than matched by another characteristic display in a letter to the same friend, after the death of Madame de Beaumont, who had been one of his warmest admirers. Chateaubriand took charge of her funeral; "and you would hardly believe," says he, "to what a degree my grief and my conduct on this occasion have caused me to be loved and respected here."

His stay in Rome was short. He was transferred to the nominally higher place of Minister of France in the Swiss Cantons of Valais. But the murder of the Duc d'Enghien so shocked his loyalty, that he resigned his office, and declared his retirement from political life. The death of his favorite sister Lucile, leaving him almost alone in the world, added to his sadness and ennui; and it suited the present temper of his mind to meditate a work on the sufferings of the early Church and the triumphs of martyrdom. His visits to the Catacombs at Rome had interested him in this subject. But he felt the need of further researches, and his fancy was attracted by the idea of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. We need not believe that the ardor of ancient piety prevented the man of the world from noticing all that he could turn to use in the countries which he traversed, or that his raptures in the Sacred Land ever destroyed his self-possession. The year which he spent in his circuit through Greece, Turkey, Syria, Africa, and Spain, was a year of careful observation, and its first fruits appeared in "*Les Martyrs*," in 1809. This book, the best, in our judgment, of any which came from Chateaubriand's pen, was the most savagely criticised and denounced. Its subject was ridiculed, as unfit for a romance. Its mythological pictures of heaven and hell were compared with those of Dante and Milton, to show their feebleness and absurdity. Its anachronisms and numerous errors were exposed. Yet, with all the faults which they pointed out, the critics failed to destroy the charm of this romance of Christian life and persecution in the fourth century. To appreciate its finish and beauty, it should be compared, not with the "*Divina Commedia*" or the "*Paradise Lost*," but with such works as Wiseman's *Fabiola*, or Kingsley's *Hypatia*. We may discard as superfluous the creaking supernatural machinery, yet have

enough left, both of fact and fancy, to make of "The Martyrs" a fine prose poem.

Two years later, in 1811, this volume was followed by the "*Itinéraire*," in which the sentimental traveller tells the story of his pilgrimage. This elegant narrative, even in the multitude of "*Journeys to the Holy Land*," still retains its popularity. Though its information has now been superseded by the more thorough opening of that formerly closed land, it has a charm which every reader must acknowledge, a graceful mingling of description, anecdote, and legend, of melancholy musing and of cheerful prophecy. In no similar work are the lights and shades more artistically distributed. Inaccuracies of fact there certainly are in this work. It does not pretend to be critically exact. But these mistakes are insignificant compared with the deliberate inventions and amazing errors of later French writers, such as De Sauley. Lamartine's famous "*Eastern Travel*" is more Oriental in its luxuriant imagery, and paints more rapturously the mystic glories of the Syrian hills and the Syrian sky, but the "*Itinerary*" of Chateaubriand acquaints us better with the sacred sites and the real aspect of the land.

The favor of the Emperor, which Chateaubriand had lost by his course in regard to the death of D'Enghien, now seemed for a time to return. The autocrat was pleased to intimate to the French Academy that the author of the "*Genius of Christianity*" ought to have a place in that learned body; and though the majority of the members could not see in that production either high poetical art or large religious science, they obeyed the dictator's will. We have already mentioned that Chateaubriand's obstinacy here counteracted his ambition. He declined the place, winning so a kind of respect for his consistency, especially from those who knew how great must have been the sacrifice. The friendly mediation of Napoleon did not, however, mitigate Chateaubriand's loyal enmity to the usurper. On the abdication in 1814, he hastened in a widely circulated pamphlet to welcome the exiled royal house as the saviours of France. This passionate tirade against tyranny, and ardent eulogy of legitimacy, extravagant as was its language, was a most valuable aid to the restored mon-

archy. Louis XVIII. said that "*Bonaparte and the Bourbons* was worth more to him than an army." The pamphlet does more credit to Chateaubriand's zeal than to his good sense or his good taste. Had he expected Napoleon's return from Elba, he probably would have used more moderation in his philippic. The issue of Waterloo, however, relieved him of all fear, and with the peaceful restoration of Louis to the throne of his ancestors, the way seemed sure now to Chateaubriand of gaining what he coveted more than literary eminence, a place among the statesmen and peers of the realm.

The third period of Chateaubriand's life, embracing his career as statesman and politician, covers about twenty years, — from the time of the publication of the tract just alluded to, to the time when the memoir on the captivity of the Duchesse de Berri seemed to end his labors as a writer on affairs of state. In the first half of this period, he was a defender of the government; in the second half, its bitter opponent. Rewarded by Louis with a place in the ministry, — with various embassies to Sweden, to Berlin, to London, and even to a place with the sovereigns of Europe in the Congress at Verona, — Chateaubriand was nevertheless an uncomfortable servant to his royal master. He was jealous of his colleagues. He was tenacious of his prejudices. He was violent and hasty in his denunciations. He could be content with no second place, nor even with a divided influence. It was reasonably complained that his political schemes were poetical rhapsodies rather than practical plans. His "*Monarchy according to the Charter*" was denounced as a jumble of dead formulas with Utopian visions. His "*Report to the King on the State of France*" was justly stigmatized as a work of imagination. The affectation of dignity which he maintained in his mission, and his reports of high personal consideration, were absurdly disproportioned to the work which he could show. And we need not wonder that, after ten years of vexation from the theories and the extravagances of this adherent, Louis was driven to the desperate expedient of flatly dismissing him. He was turned out of doors, "like a lackey who steals the king's watch from the mantel-piece."

So flagrant an insult in the eyes of the whole nation and

of all Europe roused fearfully the vindictive passion in that sensitive soul. The advisers of the monarch warned him that he had made an amazing mistake. "Coriolanus passed to the Volsci"; and the pen and tongue which had rhapsodized before, now became terribly earnest and direct in their denunciations. To overthrow Villèle, the supposed author of his downfall, was now the task of the new head of opposition. Every measure of the minister was dissected with the most merciless severity and sarcasm, in the columns of the *Journal des Débats*. All resistance to such persistent hatred was unavailing. After three years of incessant warfare, Villèle gave up the strife, and shared the fate of the man whom he had seemed to ruin. Chateaubriand was now ready to resume his honors, but he found that his friends of the liberal party were not ready to go with him back to the party of royal prerogative. He was not the man for the crisis now preparing. He might go as Ambassador to Rome, but could not be trusted with affairs in France, either as chief or as adviser. A man who had been leader of the radicals in the Chamber of Peers could not be the prop of a falling monarchy. Chateaubriand had wit enough to see that any ministry which Charles X. might form would be of short duration, though even he could not foresee the days of July and the throne of the Barricades. His obstinate loyalty remained proof against the flattering instances of the revolutionists, who would have made him their champion. His vanity was gratified by being borne on their arms to the Chamber of Peers; yet in spite of that compliment he spoke in favor of the Duke of Bordeaux, refused to take the oath to Louis Philippe, and resigned both his pension of 12,000 francs and his seat in the Chamber. His half-chivalric defences of the exiled family brought him into serious trouble. He was arrested and imprisoned, and was mortified to find that the race for which he sacrificed place and power were only moderately grateful for his kind offices. His experience of the magnanimity of the House of Bourbon was similar to the experience of all the servants of that line of kings, whether great or little, French, Spanish, or Sicilian.

The political strifes in which Chateaubriand was incessantly engaged in this third period of his life were sometimes



varied by other studies. In the year 1831 he published, in four volumes, his "Historical Discourses on the Fall of the Roman Empire," a work which he intended as an Introduction to a History of France. The idea of this work, that Christianity is a progressive religion, assimilating to itself all the knowledge and worth of successive ages, is grand enough; but the execution, in all but its rhetoric, is very inferior to the design. The porch is the best part of the temple, as in the ancient Greek structures. In fulness of scholarship the work is as inferior to the History of Gibbon, as in philosophical insight it is inferior to the Essay of Montesquieu. Chateaubriand seems conscious of his failure as an historical writer, and laments, in the bitterness of disappointed pride, that the eighteen months which he spent in these investigations, working from ten to fifteen hours a day, had no result but *radotage et faiblesse, puérile*. M. Villemain kindly rebukes this self-depreciation of genius; but the cold reception which the book found seems to show that the writer was not far astray in his harsh self-judgment.

The last period of Chateaubriand's life was mostly spent in literary pursuits, varied by occasional journeys. Though his finest friendships and noblest charities belong to this period, it was mainly characterized by despondency and misanthropy. Dreading beyond measure the prospect of old age, he became taciturn, gloomy, and unapproachable to his friends. He had no faith in society, no faith in the ideas of the present, no faith in the future. His constant fear was that his own fame might pass away, as he saw that of his contemporaries passing. Institutions and events seemed in league to destroy one who had flattered himself with the thought that he had created the new era. All his thought and labor were bent to that task which might save his name from future oblivion. He dared not trust posterity to build his monument, but strove in those "Memoirs," on which he labored so long and painfully, to anticipate and disarm the judgment of succeeding ages. No friend should be suffered to tell the story of his life. He would be his own critic and his own eulogist. He would supply by authentic record the defective views which others must necessarily take of his character and influence. This sensitive ego-

tism, which shows itself throughout the posthumous memoirs of Chateaubriand, is strikingly unlike that gay, amiable, self-forgetful carelessness of the judgment of posterity which delights us in the autobiography of the great lyric poet of France. Béranger was a friend of Chateaubriand in his latter days, but the moody vanity of the great man of genius could not warp the cheerful optimist into any kindred egotism.

The external circumstances, moreover, of Chateaubriand's life, were not such as to prevent mortification and anxiety. Honors had not brought wealth, and the luxurious tastes which had become his second nature could only be supplied by diligent labor. He was sure of large profit from the sale of his books, but all that he could earn was not adequate to his notion of the state and splendor of a peer of France and the ex-minister of an empire. He had no children, and seemed to be the last of his race. He despised the frivolous amusements of fashionable society, and his austere gravity could hardly lower itself to that play of wit which gives sparkle to the more select literary circles of France. The saloons of Madame Récamier, so attractive to the *élite* of Paris, had for him but a moderate charm, though he could not wholly escape their fascination. He was flattered by the compliments of learned and titled men, who came to see him as one of the celebrities of Europe; yet these compliments were but the glimmer of sunshine in the prevailing cloud. The gracious reception given to him by the grandson of Charles the Tenth, in his visit to London, made him young for the moment. "I have just received," says he, "the reward of my whole life. The prince has deigned to speak of me, in the midst of a crowd of Frenchmen, with an enthusiasm worthy of his youth. If I knew how to tell it, I would tell you what he said. But I stood there weeping like a blockhead."

The Autobiography did not, however, exhaust the literary activity of its author in these closing years. He found time to publish numerous miscellanies; — an "Essay on English Literature," in two volumes; a new prose translation of Milton, in which he boasts that he has succeeded in rendering the grandeur of Milton's ideas not less than the dignity of his style, but which is quite as wide of the one result as of the other,

reducing the discourse of the demons in hell to the dialect of good society in Paris; a History of the Congress of Verona, a temperate and comparatively modest vindication of the part of France in that Congress, and less open to rhetorical objections than most of Chateaubriand's writings; and a Life of De Rancé, the famous Abbot of La Trappe, a work which the similar spiritual experience of Chateaubriand ought to have enabled him to write well, but in which he has failed more signally than in any other production of his pen. In this last work he has shown his utter incapacity to be a faithful biographer. M. Villemain finds it hard to praise works which show such evident marks of decline as these studies on the great poet of England and the great anchorite of France. Of Chateaubriand's Milton he says: "By the most deceptive of imitations, he substitutes for inspired boldness a systematic word for word; and this Corinthian lava all glowing, which in the verse of the English poet rolls, under its river of fire, the mingled treasures of ancient art, is here no more than a mass of irregular and icy scoria. Here and there only, the hand of the poet has reappeared; and some happy fragments detach themselves, like the admirable freaks of nature and chance which are sometimes found under ruins."

Chateaubriand lived long enough to see his worst fears realized in the breaking out of the Revolution of February, 1848. The heroic boldness of Lamartine might cheer his heart, but a democratic triumph was a prophecy of woe, and the June insurrection was the issue of his presage. He saw the horrors of this scene of blood, and joined in the grief which followed the murder of the brave Archbishop. But the shock was too great, and on the 4th of July, in presence of his spiritual adviser and of Béranger and Madame Récamier, he breathed his last. He had nearly completed his eightieth year. His body was taken to St. Malo, to be laid in a lonely rock sepulchre, which had been given him by his native city. In this rock, the base of which is washed by the daily tides, and which makes a barrier for the storm, the remains of Chateaubriand were enclosed in a stone sarcophagus, to be left alone till the day of that resurrection in which he professed to believe. More than fifty thousand persons, of all ranks and classes,

attended the funeral. The surrounding rocks and ramparts were covered with men and women; they clung to the shrouds of the vessels in the port, and heavy minute-guns accompanied with their echoes the intoning of the service for the dead. The place of burial is marked only by a massive cross of granite.

More than ten years have passed since the death of Chateaubriand. Eulogies have been delivered, criticisms favorable and unfavorable have been passed, and the place of this great man has been assigned. The verdict is, as we believe, that he was great rather by force of circumstances than by genius or strength. He was a pioneer of the literature of France revived, and of the Catholic faith in its return to power. His name will live in connection with his age, as one of the forces of his age, but not by its independent worth. France owes him a debt of gratitude, which she is fairly paying in the multiplied editions of his works, while she consents to forget and pardon the weaknesses of the man. The work which he designed to protect and transmit his name is the work which the wiser sense of his nation will shut and seal. Well would it have been for Chateaubriand, if, instead of mourning over the falseness of his age and the ingratitude of men, he could have employed those noble words of Quinet, in his recent *Autobiography*: "No object has deceived me. Everything has fulfilled for me its promise. Even the meanest things have kept their word with me. No one has cheated me. No one has betrayed me. I have found men as truthful as events. (They only find snares in life who are resolved to be deceived.)"



## ART. III. — THE HISTORY AND DOCTRINE OF THE DEVIL.

1. *Historia Diaboli, seu Commentatio de Diaboli Malorumque Spirituum existentia, statibus, judiciis, consiliis, potestate.* Auctore J. G. MAYER. Tübingæ. 1777.
- ! *Dictionnaire Infernal, ou Répertoire Universel des Êtres, des Personnages, des Faits, et des Choses qui tiennent au Commerce de l'Enfer, aux Démons, aux Sorciers, etc.* Par J. COLIN DE PLANCY. Paris. 1844.

THE religion of the *Old Testament*, in its primitive Mosaic form, knows nothing whatever of a "*Devil*"; and the mere mention to an old Hebrew of a dogma which to many a modern Christian still appears a main article of faith, would have seemed nothing less than downright blasphemy.

How could it be otherwise? It was the grand and specific glory of that religion to have established, as the first and most vital of all truths, the existence of *one* eternal, almighty, all-wise, and omniscient Being, the Source of all existence, the Creator of all things, the omnipotent Will, the all-pervading Mind, who is God, even the *Lord*, and there is none beside him.

This God is not merely a God of heaven, like Zeus, or a God of the sea, like Poseidon, or a God of the sun, like Helios, or a God of the moon, like Selene; but he is the God of all these, — yea, he made them: heaven and earth and the sea, and all that in them is, are the work of his hand and the manifestation of his glory.

"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein." — Psalm xxiv. 1.

"By the word of the Lord the heavens were made, and all the host of them by the breath of his mouth. He gathereth the waters of the sea as an heap, he layeth up the deep in storehouses." — Psalm xxxiii. 6.

"The north and the south, Thou hast created them; Tabor and Hermon rejoice in thy name." — Psalm lxxxix. 12.

He is not, like the gods of the Olympian dynasty, the descendant and successor of another divine dynasty, there being a time when he was born, and, of course, a time when he was *not*; — no, "before the mountains were brought forth, or ever

there was an earth and a world, even from everlasting to everlasting, he is God."

He is not a God that is now here, now there, now with Israel, now with the heathen; who is talking, or pursuing, or in a journey, or "peradventure he sleepeth," and whose absence, or sleep, or engrossing occupation, may enable his enemies to carry out a design which he might have resisted when awake, or when present, or when not otherwise engaged; but he is here, and there, and everywhere, with the undivided attention and power of an omnipotent, omniscient omnipresence.

"Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord and Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?" "Behold, he neither slumbereth nor sleepeth, the Keeper of Israel." "Am I a God at hand, saith the Lord, and not a God afar off? Can any one hide himself in secret places that I shall not find him? Do I not fill heaven and earth?" "Whither could I go from his spirit? whither could I flee from his presence? If I ascend up into Heaven, he is there; if I make my bed in Sheol, behold he is there; if I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea, even there shall his hand lead me, and his right hand shall hold me. He knoweth my thoughts afar off; there is not a word on my tongue but he knoweth it altogether."

He is not a God among *other* gods; he is not merely the greatest of all, but he is the *only* one, and all that are called Gods beside him are but stocks and stones, and lies and vanities; אֱלֹהִים, not אֱלִילִים. And though popular superstition and poetic diction may, indeed have, occasionally attributed a kind of reality to the gods of other nations, these erroneous notions and loose forms of speech found a constant corrective in the unceasing and emphatic declaration of prophetic teaching, that the Lord is God, and there is no *living* God but he.

Whatever, therefore, is done in heaven or earth, is done *by* him, or at his bidding. To suppose that anything could be *against* his will, would imply that he was *not* omnipotent, that there was *another* power beside him and independent from him,—a supposition contradictory of the very first axiom of the religion of Moses, and therefore to be rejected as heresy and blasphemy.

Yea, the ancient Hebrew was so firm in this faith, so jealous of the supreme power of his God, such a thoroughgoing *Unitarian*, that, undeterred by the most obvious inconsistency, he made him even the *Author of evil*.

"I am the Lord, and there is none beside me. I form the light, I create darkness; I make peace, and I create evil. I the Lord do all these things." — Isaiah xlv. 5-7.

"Shall there be an *evil* in a city, and the Lord hath not inflicted it?" — Amos iii. 6.

"The Lord made all things for himself, *yea, even the wicked* for the day of evil." — Prov. xvi. 4.

It is the Lord that hardens the heart of Pharaoh and causes him to disobey his own command; it is the Lord that bids Balaam go with the messengers of Balak, and then, through his angel, withstands him on the way; it is the Lord who sends Isaiah to call Israel to repentance, and at the very same time commands him to harden their hearts and shut their eyes, "lest they see with their eyes, and hear with their ears, and understand with their heart, and be converted, and healed." It is the Lord that sends an *evil spirit* between Abimelech and the men of Shechem, and causes the men of Shechem to deal treacherously with Abimelech (Judges ix. 23); it is from the Lord that proceeds the *evil spirit* which troubles Saul and makes him cast the javelin at David (1 Sam. xvi. 14, xix. 9-10); it is the Lord that puts the *lying spirit* into the mouths of Israel's prophets, to urge Ahab to the fatal expedition against Ramoth-Gilead, falsely promising him victory (1 Kings xxii. 23); yea, it is the Lord that prompts David to a deed of sinful pride (numbering the people), for which He grievously punishes him and the whole land after he has done it (2 Samuel xxiv.).

But this inconsistency of making God the source of all good, and also the author of evil, — the prompter and instigator, while at the same time the judge and punisher of sin, — could not but have been shocking to the moral instinct, and must have suggested the necessity of a different solution of the perplexing problem of the origin of evil.

An attempt at such a solution had been made, entirely independent from the Old Testament revelation, and far to the

east of Palestine, in the *religion of Zoroaster*.\* According to the doctrine of this religion, — at least in its later form of *Parsism*, which alone concerns us here, — there are *two* principles pervading the Universe; one *good*, called Ahuramasda (*Ormuzd*), the other *evil*, called Angramainyus (*Ahriman*). These two divide the dominion of the world, and are irreconcilably opposed to each other. Each is at the head of a host of congenial spirits, arranged in hierarchic gradations. Highest in the kingdom of Ormuzd stand seven spirit princes or archangels, called *Amshaspands*, Ormuzd himself being one of them; the same position is occupied in the kingdom of Ahriman by the same number of chief devils, called *Devas*. As Ormuzd dwells in light, so Ahriman dwells in darkness; as all that is good in the world belongs to, and is the work of, the former, so all that is evil is the latter's. First, during a period of three thousand years, Ormuzd reigned supreme; then, for as long a time, Ahriman succeeded. At the end of six thousand years, a war of extermination will commence between the two, with alternating success; but in the end, Ahriman will be conquered, the kingdom of darkness will be destroyed, earth will become a paradise, the dead will rise from their graves, and all will be united and happy, and free from want and free from sin, under the blessed rule of Ormuzd.

It was during the time of the Babylonish captivity, or perhaps during the century preceding it, that the Hebrews became acquainted with this religion, and it was in consequence of this acquaintance that the idea of a Devil now made its entrance into their religious system, from which it had hitherto been excluded by its most emphatic and most specific teaching.

But here, before going any further, we must meet an objection which might be made to this assertion on the ground of some of our own statements. How can it be said that the idea of a Devil was excluded from the religion of the Old Tes-

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\* In using this expression, according to common usage, we are well aware of its inaccuracy, and that much of what, at various times, has been called by that name, has as much to do with the *original* doctrine of the ancient prophet of Bactria, as what is commonly styled *Christianity* has to do with the *religion of Jesus*.



tament, when the sacred books so frequently make mention of *evil spirits*? What else, it may be asked, were these evil spirits but devils? Is not the tree known by its fruits, and do not the deeds ascribed to them — lying, treason, murder — with sufficient distinctness indicate their relationship with him whom the New Testament declares to be a liar and a murderer from the beginning? In the first place, we must protest against any such use of passages from the *New Testament* for determining the sense of passages of the *Old*. The former is one thing, the latter another. The dogmatics and ethics of both are in many points essentially different. To assume their identity is the constant *ψεύδος* of Orthodox theology. To mix them up with each other is utterly unphilosophic and unhistoric, and can only be done by equal violence to both. We must reject every system of interpretation that does not acknowledge the first axiom of a sound exegesis, that the spirit of each book is its own best interpreter. Now, however “diabolic” some of those spirits might appear in the light of the New Testament, it is perfectly plain that they do not appear so in the light of the Old. In all the cases above quoted, they are nothing but divine ministers; they have no will of their own, separate from or opposed to that of God; they only carry out his commands. They are not enemies of the *good*, but only of the *wicked*; they are not *devils*, in one word, but *avenging angels*, charged with punishing, by whatever means seem best to him, the enemies of God and of his people. And so the Spirit of treason that stirred up the men of Shechem to revolt against Abimelech, the Spirit of madness that afflicted Saul, the Spirit of falsehood that seduced Ahab into the suicidal war, are entirely of the same character, and belong in the same category with the *destroying angel*, מַלְאָךְ הַמְשָׁחִית, who delivered Jerusalem by smiting the army of the Assyrians (2 Kings xix. 35), and who, by severe chastisement, brought David to a humble acknowledgment of his sin (2 Samuel xxiv. 16, comp. 1 Chron. xxi. 15); or with those *angels of woes*, מַלְאֲכֵי רָעִים, who by many plagues forced the hardened Pharaoh into compliance with the long-resisted command of the Lord. (See Psalm lxxviii. 49.)

A much stronger argument for earlier origin of the idea of a personal principle of evil amongst the Hebrews might be drawn from a most remarkable passage in one of the very oldest books of the Old Testament, the force of which, however, is lost for the common reader by the mistranslation of the English version.

In the sixteenth chapter of Leviticus, — which contains the regulations for the observance of the great day of atonement, on which alone the high-priest is allowed to enter into the Holy of Holies, — Aaron is commanded to take two goats and present them before the Lord, at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation. “And he shall cast lots upon the two goats, *one lot for the Lord, and the other lot for Azazel*. And Aaron shall bring the goat upon which the Lord’s lot fell, and offer him for a sin-offering; but the goat on which the lot fell for *Azazel* shall be presented alive before the Lord to make an atonement with him, and to let him go to *Azazel* into the wilderness.” (ver. 7–10.) “And Aaron shall lay both his hands upon the head of the live goat, and confess over him all the iniquities of the children of Israel, and all their transgressions in all their sins, putting them upon the head of the goat, and shall send him away by the hand of a fit man into the wilderness. And the goat shall bear upon him all their iniquities into a land not inhabited: and he shall let go the goat into the wilderness.” (ver. 21, 22.)

Now what is the meaning of this dark word *Azazel*, which occurs only in this single chapter of the Old Testament? That the translation of the Septuagint, which rendered it ἀποπομπᾶιος, or scapegoat, — a rendering which most of the later versions have adopted, — is etymologically wrong, has been proved long ago; but the Arabic translation, with which the rabbinical commentators Aben Esra and Fanchi agree, which makes it out to be the name of “a high and rocky mountain in Arabia,” or the Syriac translation, to which Bunsen has lately given his assent, which renders it “the strong God,” is not much better.

For the antithetical relation in which the word (ver. 8) stands to Jahveh evidently shows both that it does not mean the Lord himself, nor a mere locality, but must mean some

individual *person* or other, different from the Lord. For these reasons, most of the later Jews believed it to be but another name for *Satan*; and even in our own time,—not to speak of Hengstenberg, who can find the Devil anywhere,—Ewald inclines to the same view. But a nearer examination will show this interpretation to be without foundation. In the first place, we know nothing of this Azazel but what we learn from this single passage of Leviticus. Nowhere else throughout the whole Old Testament is there the least trace of him. It seems impossible, therefore, that he could ever have occupied a prominent position in the Mosaic creed. In the second place, the only mention we find of him connects him with the “wilderness.” Now we know from the religious history of all nations, that popular superstition, which precedes, underlies, and more or less modifies the higher spiritual religions, has at all times peopled dark and desert places with spectres and ghosts. If good Christians are afraid of churchyards, why should not a good Hebrew, with all his faith in Moses and the Decalogue, have been afraid of the “desert land, and the waste, howling wilderness”? How can we expect or demand that the Law of Moses should have accomplished what we see that the Gospel of Jesus has not yet achieved. Imagination, the faculty earliest developed and most powerful in the childhood of nations as well as individuals, is emphatically *polytheistic*, and the phraseology formed by it will remain such, long after the mind and the heart have acknowledged the One God. As such a creation of popular imagination,—a surviving remnant of polytheistic superstition, ante-Mosaic as well as anti-Mosaic,—we consider this Azazel. It is simply a personification of the wilderness, or rather of the feeling of awe and horror that the people of Israel may have experienced on their nightly journeyings through the desert tracts of Arabia Petræa. It has no *organic* relation to the Mosaic religion, and we may safely say that the use of the word in the above connection is simply a concession to popular superstition, or rather to a way of speaking, already formed by it, of entirely the same kind with those which we find in vogue in Christian lands, and which prove nothing whatever for the Christian doctrine.

It is in the *Book of Job*, written, in its present form,\* about the time of the Babylonish captivity, that we first meet in Biblical literature with the express mention of a personified principle of evil, under the name of *Satan*. This word had hitherto been used as a common name, designating any kind of enemy or adversary; so, for instance, in 1 Kings xi. 14, "And the Lord stirred up an *adversary* unto Solomon, Hadad the Edomite"; and xi. 23, "And God stirred him up another *adversary*, Rezon the son of Eliadah"; and 1 Samuel xxix. 4, "And the princes of the Philistines said, Let him not go down with us to battle, lest in the battle he be an *adversary* to us"; and Numbers xxii. 22, "And the angel of the Lord stood in the way for an *adversary* to him." In all these cases the original Hebrew word, which the English translation renders "adversary," is שָׂטָן, *Satan*; but the word is henceforth reserved as a *proper* name for the Adversary, *par excellence*, just as the Saxon word *fiend* is, and as such is generally preceded by the definite article, שָׂטָן הַ. The old Greek translators rendered it by the word διάβολος (*calumniator*), from which all Romanic and Teutonic forms of the name are derived. The New Testament often translates it, more accurately, ὁ ἐχθρός.

But the hold which the pure monotheism of their old theology had taken upon the minds of the Hebrews was still so strong, that, in adopting the idea of a Devil, they forced it to undergo a considerable modification. For the Satan of the Book of Job occupies by no means the same position as the corresponding character does in the theology of Zoroaster. He is not, like Ahriman, *coeval* or *co-ordinate* with the principle of Good, — with God, — but he is one of his subordinates, and (*implicite* at least, if not *explicite*) his creature; and though he suggests the plan of plaguing and ruining Job, he could

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\* We say "*in its present form*," — for the book as we now have it is evidently the production of different minds and different ages. Ewald considers the main parts of it to have been written during the reign of Manasseh (about 650); Bunsen places it a century later. But parts of it are much older; — and the nucleus of the whole, the old legend of the patient Job, — which we imagine we can still recognize in the midst of all the later superstructures, — we consider to bear a similar relation to our present philosophical poem of Job, as the old *Volksbuch* of Dr. Faustus bears to Goethe's philosophical drama.



not accomplish it, had he not God's permission. He is one of the many בְּנֵי הָאֱלֹהִים, "sons of God," or angels, who are the ministers of the Supreme, and who from time to time appear before the throne of their King to give an account of what they have seen and done. His particular occupation seems, at first sight, rather an idle one, for he declares it to be nothing else but "going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it." But his is no sinecure for all that, for he is busily engaged in observing the doings of men, and being "nothing if not critical," he does not want employment. He appears as the Fault-finder and Accuser, envious of the happiness of the just, and having no faith in disinterested goodness. He will not believe that Job "doth fear God for naught," and therefore wishes to have him tried by severe affliction, in the hope that in a moment of overwhelming suffering the poor man may be tempted into cursing God, and thereby afford a gratifying confirmation of his (the Devil's) favorite theory of total depravity. But in order to have his desire fulfilled, it is absolutely necessary that he should have God's permission; for without God, — so strong was still the old Mosaic faith, — even the Devil can do nothing.

From this very peculiar character under which Satan appears in the Book of Job, several of the greatest scholars of the last century, such as Michaelis, Herder, Eichhorn, Ilgen, etc., have been led to assert that the author of the book did not at all intend to represent him as an *evil spirit*, but entirely of the same kind with the other *angels* or *sons of God*, differing from them only in the specialty of his office, which was that of *procureur général* of the heavenly court. With this view of his character, they also combined a new one about his name. According to them the word שָׂטָן ought not to be read *Satan*, as it always has been, but *Shatan*, as derived from the verb שָׂט, and the meaning of it was not Adversary or Enemy, but merely *περιοδευτής*, equivalent to a travelling censor or chief of detective police. But the etymological hypothesis is not better than the dogmatic one. The Satan of the Book of Job, though indeed very different from the Devil of the later Judaism, and still as one of the "sons of God" occa-

sionally admitted into the presence of the Lord, is nevertheless *specifically* different from those other angels whom, in above-quoted passages, are found charged with the infliction of divine chastisements. They simply *execute*; he originates and suggests. They have no will or opinion different from that of God; he has. Though God has approved Job, and declared him a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God and escheweth evil, he considers him a fair-weather saint, inwardly selfish and hypocritical. Their vengeance is directed against the *wicked*, his persecution is directed against the *good*. And though he dare not openly oppose the Almighty, yet we can see his fiendish delight in the anticipated torments of the just man, and in the no less anticipated rebellion against the Divine will to which these torments may drive him. Ostensibly he strikes at man only, but in his heart of hearts he indulges the hope that his strokes may be felt further. We have here indeed only the first germ of the Satanic idea, the first sketch of the Satanic character, but — *ex ungue leonem* — it is Satan nevertheless, in his most unmistakable and most specific characteristic, — hatred of the good and envy of spiritual greatness.

In the same character of an envier and enemy of the good, we find him next in the Book of Zechariah (who prophesied after the return from the Babylonish captivity, in the reign of Darius Hystaspis). The object of his particular hatred is the pious high-priest, Joshua, who then, with Zerubbabel, stood at the head of the newly restored commonwealth of Judah, and was earnestly laboring for the rebuilding of the temple. A vision of the prophet shows him the high-priest standing before the Lord, and "Satan standing at his right hand to *resist* him." But the Lord said unto Satan: "The Lord rebuke thee, O Satan, even the Lord that hath chosen Jerusalem rebuke thee! Is not this a brand plucked from the fire?"

In his *more fully developed* character, as the direct *prompter of evil*, we find him at last in a remarkable passage of the Chronicles, which more than any other illustrates the great change that had come over the spirit of Hebrew theology.

The Second Book of Samuel, in a passage to which we have already referred, had represented David as being moved to the sinful act of numbering the people by God himself: —

"And again the *anger of the Lord* was kindled against Israel, and *he* [the Lord] moved David against them to say, Go, number Israel and Judah." — 2 Samuel xxiv. 1.

Now this very same action of David is related again in the First Book of Chronicles, with the following variation: "And *Satan* stood up against Israel, and provoked David to number Israel." — 1 Chron. xxi. 1.

We see from this that the same deed which the older historian — in accordance with the old Hebrew theology — still refers back to the influence of God, the much later author of the Chronicles — in accordance with the spirit of a later theology — traces back to the Devil.

These three are the only passages in the canonical books of the Old Testament where we find mention of a personified principle of evil, and all these occur in books written about or after the Babylonish captivity, and under the influence of ideas received from abroad.\* They are of great interest and importance, as showing us the first form under which this new idea made its entrance into the religious system of the Hebrews. In all of them the original Hebrew spirit so far asserts itself as to modify the relative position of the principle of evil. The Devil is never represented as *coeval* with, or *co-ordinate* with, or *independent* from God; he is not even represented as *directly opposed* to God; his hatred and envy are against man, — the man, it is true, whom God loves and blesses, — but he would not dare to lift his tongue or hand against God himself. Yea, strictly speaking, *he is not a principle at all*, but only a *secondary* force; for there is but *One* Principle, the Eternal and Almighty, even the *LORD*.

In all this the Hebrew view differs entirely from that which we find in the theology of Zoroaster. For we find, in the very earliest document of the latter, — the oldest of the genuine *Gâthâs* of Zarathustra, with which, according to Bunsen, the ancient seer of Bactria opened his prophetic career, nearly fifteen hundred years before Moses, — that there is a most emphatic expression of that complete *dualism* which always

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\* The wish of the enraged Psalmist is not quite as bad as the English translation makes it: "Let Satan stand at his right hand!" The Hebrew word Satan means here merely an adversary in general, not the Devil in particular.

remained the characteristic feature of his religion in all its various phases, and from which the mind of the Hebrew always shrank back. We translate a few stanzas from Haug's German edition of the original remains of Zarathustra, in which the sublime spirit of a remotest antiquity, who for thousands of years has been little more than a myth, has now, at last, become a living reality.

"*Spirits two, Original Beings, Twins from all eternity,  
Good and Evil, they are ruling both in thought and word and deed.  
Choose ye must between them: therefore, leave the Evil, choose the Good.*

"*Aye conflicting, these for ever did and do whatever is done.  
First and Last, — Being, Not-Being, — both are creatures of the twain.  
Wretchedness awaits the liars, blessedness the truthful souls.*

"Choose then! Wretchedness hath chosen he that chose the lying Fiend.  
He that chose *Ahuramasda*, — he is holy, he is true:  
Honor Him by truthful speaking, honor Him by holy deeds!

"Serve them both, ye cannot do it. Doubting souls the Fiend assails.  
'Choose the evil!' says the *Deva*: and forthwith the evil host  
Rushing come, to assail that holy, blessed life which prophets praise."

But during the ages succeeding the Babylonish captivity, — first the 200 years of the Persian, then the 150 years of the Græco-Egyptian and Græco-Syrian dominion, when their relations with the nations of the East on the one hand, and those of the West on the other, became more close and more multiplied, particularly as the far greater part of the nation did not at all live in Palestine, — this foreign influence naturally increased, and still newer ideas, utterly unknown and even repugnant to the spirit of the old religion, found their way into the minds of the Jews, and at last modified their whole religious system, to such an extent as to make it in many respects very different from what it had been. This later form of the Jewish religion is designated by the name of *Judaism*, as contradistinguished from the older one, which is called *Hebraism* or *Mosaism*. As this latter is contained in the ante-exilic books of the Old Testament, so the other is contained in the post-exilic books of the canon, particularly the books of Daniel, Zachariah, and the Chronicles, and in the apocryphal and apocalyptic writings.

These two forms of religion have to be carefully distin-



guished. It is *Judaism*, not *Hebraism*, that was the prevailing theology of the Jews at the time of Jesus; and without a knowledge of it, particularly as expressed in the apocalyptic literature, much in the *New Testament* must for ever remain completely unintelligible. The ridiculously awkward and unsuccessful attempts which we occasionally witness on the part of commentators — orthodox and others — to get over certain dark passages in the Apostolic writings (such as the Epistle of Jude, for instance), which receive their light only from an acquaintance with the Jewish literature that lies *between* the Old and the New Testament, might be considered convincing proofs of the importance of such knowledge.

In the Judaistic religion the influence of *Parsism* is unmistakable. As in the latter the kingdom of Ormuzd is headed by seven spirit princes, called Amshaspands, so we now find at the head of the angelic host, and nearest to the throne of God, *seven archangels*, — dignitaries utterly unknown to the old Hebraism, of whom four, Uriel, Gabriel, Michael, and Raphael, are the most distinguished. Yea, the approximation to Parsian views seems occasionally to have gone still further. For from the fact that a list of the archangels given in the Book of Enoch contains only six names (Raguel and Sara-kiel, beside the four above mentioned), we might perhaps have a right to infer that, in the same way as Ormuzd himself belonged to the seven Amshaspands, the author of that list means to imply that God also sustained a similar relation to the archangels. According to the same authority, Uriel is set over the thunder, Raphael over the spirits of men, Gabriel over paradise and the cherubim; Michael is the guardian-angel of the people of the Lord. Besides these there are *seventy angels*, who preside as satraps or viceroys over the seventy nations, among which, according to a Jewish notion, the earth is divided.

And, on the other hand, as, besides Ahriman, there are a great number of evil spirits who are under his command, so we now find in the place of the *single Satan* a whole *legion* of devils and demons, of whom he is the *chief*. The Apocrypha even make no express mention of Satan, but only speak of *demons* (*δαιμόνια*). These demons the Book of Baruch con-

siders to be no other than the gods of the heathens; and to them it was that the Israelites sacrificed whenever they left the worship of the God of Israel.\* The same view is taken by the Seventy, when they translate the word אֱלִילִים by the Greek word δαιμόνια, as, for instance, Psalm xvi. 5: "For all the gods of the heathens are demons, but the Lord made the heavens." These demons were believed to dwell in desert places, and so they are represented as haunting the ruins of Jerusalem (Bar. iv. 35), a view likewise entertained by the authors of the Septuagint; for when the prophet (Isaiah xiii. 21, xxxiv. 14) describes the desolate places of Babylon and Idumæa as inhabited by wild beasts and satyrs, they use in both cases the word δαιμόνια. In the Book of Tobit they are called πνεύματα πονερά, and represented as taking delight in vexing and tormenting men. Such a demon is *Asmodi*. He is enamored of the beautiful Sarah, the daughter of Raguel, and in his jealousy kills successively seven of her bridegrooms on the very evening of the wedding; and it is only the superior cunning of the Archangel Raphael that succeeds at last in securing to the young Tobit the undisturbed possession of his bride, by driving the demon off with the smoke of a roasted fish-liver. If we may be allowed to rely on rabbinical information, we must believe that this Asmodi was nobody else but Satan himself; and his name might indeed justify the suspicion, for אֲשֶׁמֶדִי signifies "destroyer," and is equivalent to אַבְדּוֹן (*Abaddon*), or Ἀπολλύων, whom the author of the Apocalypse (Rev. ix. 11) makes the prince of hell.

Where did all this "legion of devils" come from? The Old Testament, of course, has no answer to this question, for it knows nothing of such a diabolic host. If we wish for information, we must go to that remarkable book, which is the source, or at least the reservoir, of so many new ideas that prevailed among the later Jews, — the *Apocalypse of Enoch*.

This extraordinary work contains a series of visions concerning heaven and hell, the antediluvian world, angels and

\* So, likewise, St. Paul: ἃ θύει τὰ ἔθνη, δαιμονίοις θύει, καὶ οὐ θεῷ, 1 Cor. x. 20.

giants, the structure of the universe, the deluge, and the final judgment, pretended to have been seen and written down by the patriarch Enoch, the seventh from Adam, father of Methuselah, and great-grandfather of Noah, who, on account of his exemplary piety, was translated into heaven alive. Although modern scholarship has convincingly shown that the book is made up of various parts, written at different periods and by different authors, and that the very oldest part of it cannot have been written earlier than about one hundred and fifty years before Christ, the genuineness of the book was not doubted for a long time; and even two Apostolic writers, the author of the Second Epistle of Peter, and the author of the Epistle of Jude, quote it (the latter by name) as seemingly of the same authority with any of the canonical books of the Old Testament.\* Yea, the Church father, Tertullian, expressly asserts that it was the work of the Holy Ghost: "*Hæc igitur ab initio prævidens Spiritus Sanctus præcecinit per antiquissimum prophetam Enoch*"; — and, to remove all doubts about its genuineness, gravely suggests that it might have been preserved by Noah, who could have taken it with him into the ark; or, even if lost in the flood, might easily have been rewritten by him, under the same dictation of the Holy Spirit under which, according to a common belief, the scribe Ezra restored the whole of the Old Testament after it had been lost in the destruction of Jerusalem. Such being the reputation in which the book was once held, it is a matter of surprise that with the ninth century of our era every trace of it disappears, and that for fully one thousand years it was considered entirely lost, all that was known of it being merely the short quotations in the Apostolic Epistles and the writings of the Church fathers, and a longer one in the *Chronographia* of Georgius Syncellus (from the end of the eighth century). In the latter part of the last century, it was finally recovered again by the celebrated English traveller Bruce, who found it as an integral part of the Ethiopian Bible, in use among the Christians of Abyssinia. He brought three copies of it to Europe in 1773, one of which he presented to the Royal Li-

\* Which fact has always been an ugly stumbling-block in the way of "plenary inspiration."

brary at Paris, another to the Bodleian Library at Oxford, keeping the third for himself. But with the exception of an extract by the French Orientalist, Sylvestre de Sacy (in *Magazin Encyclop.* 1800), no use was made of the recovered treasure, till at last, in 1821, Richard Laurence, Professor at Oxford, (afterwards Archbishop of Cashel,) published a complete translation of it in English from the Ethiopian manuscript in the Bodleian Library, and thus, for the first time in a thousand years, again opened it to the world. Since that time several translations of it have been made in Latin and German (the best by Dillmann, Tübingen, 1853), the Ethiopian text itself has been published twice, and the book continues to be the object of serious study and discussion on the part of theological scholars, who recognize in it the most valuable source for our knowledge of Judaistic ideas.

The question, then, where did all the many devils come from, the Book of Enoch answers. "*They are fallen angels,*" it tells us; and this is the *very first mention* ever made of such a fall. The account which it gives of that fall is this.

"It came to pass when men had multiplied, that daughters were born unto them, fair and beautiful. And the angels, the sons of heaven, beheld them, and became enamored of them, and said unto each other, 'Come, let us choose for ourselves wives from the children of men, and let us beget children.' And Semjâzâ (Σεμιαζâs), their chief, said unto them, 'I fear that you may not be willing to do this thing, and that I alone shall have to suffer for so grievous a sin.' Then they all answered unto him and said, 'We will all swear, and bind ourselves with curses, not to give up this thing, but to perform it.' Then they all swore and bound themselves with curses; and their whole number was two hundred. And the mountain on the top of which they had descended to swear was called Hermon. And these are the names of their chiefs: Semjaza, the leader, Urakibameël, Akibeël, Tamiel, Ramuel, Danel, Ezekeel, Saraguyal, Asael, Armers, Batraal, Anani, Zakebe, Samsaveël, Sartaël, Turel, Iomjaël, Arazyal." (Instead of these names the Greek fragment of Syncellus has the following: Semiazas, their chief, Atarkuf, Arakiel, Chobabiel, Oramonammé, Ramiel, Sampsich, Zakiel, Balkiel,



Azalzel, Pharmaros, Amariel, Anagemas, Thausael, Samiel, Sarinas, Eumiel, Turiel, Ioumiel, Sariel.\*) "These were the chiefs of the two hundred angels, and the others were all with them.

"Then they took wives, each choosing one for himself, and cohabited with them, and taught them sorceries and incantations. And the women conceived and brought forth great giants, whose stature was each three thousand cubits. These devoured all the produce of men, until nothing was left to eat. Then the giants turned against the men themselves to devour them, and began to kill birds and beasts, and reptiles and fishes, to eat their flesh and to drink their blood. And the earth complained of the unrighteousness.

"And Azazel taught men to make swords and knives, and shields and breastplates, and mirrors and ornaments, and to use paint, and to beautify their eyebrows, and to seek for precious stones and metals. And wickedness prevailed, and their ways became corrupt. And Amezarak (Semjaza) taught all sorcerers and conjurers, and Armaros the solution of charms, and Barakiel and Kokabel and Tamiel and Asradel taught all astrologers and observers of stars.

"Then *Michael* and *Gabriel* and *Raphael* and *Uriel* looked down from heaven, and saw the blood that was shed on the earth, and all the iniquity that was done upon it, and they said amongst themselves, 'The voice of their cry reacheth even unto the gate of heaven, and beseecheth us, saying, Obtain ye justice for us with the Most High.'" (The archangels then bring the complaints of men before the throne of God, and God, hearing them, sends Uriel at once to Noah, to tell him to prepare himself against the deluge that is to come upon the earth.)

"Again, the Lord said unto Raphael, 'Bind Azazel hand and foot, and cast him into darkness. Make a hole in the desert which is in Dudaël, and cast him in there. Throw upon him rough and sharp stones, and cover him with darkness that he remain there for ever, and cover his face that he

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\* The second part of the book gives still a different list (probably all equally corruptions of Hebrew originals), among which we also find the fallen angel *Pene-mue*, who first taught men the art of writing.

may not see the light; and on the great day of judgment he shall be thrown into the fire. And heal the earth which the angels have corrupted, and tell them that I will heal them, and that not all the children of men shall perish in consequence of the secrets which the angels have betrayed and taught their offspring, for the whole earth has been corrupted by the teaching of the works of Azazel: to him, therefore, be ascribed all the guilt.'

"And the Lord said unto Gabriel, 'Go forth against the bastards and the reprobates, and destroy the offspring of fornication, even the children of the angels, and incite them against each other, that they may perish by their own hands.' . . . . .

"And the Lord said unto Michael, 'Go and tell Semjaza and his companions, who have joined themselves unto women, what punishment is to come upon them. When all their sons shall have slain each other, and they have seen them perish with their own eyes, then bind them fast under the hills of the earth for seventy generations, until the day of judgment and consummation. In that day they shall be led away into the fiery pit, and in confinement and torment shall they be shut up there for ever. And he shall burn and perish with them; together they shall be bound until the end of all generations.' "

In a subsequent vision Enoch gets a sight of the fiery pit itself, which is thus described:—

"And I came to a place where there was *no thing*, and there I saw something awful: neither heaven nor earth, but space, void and waste, immense and terrific. And there I saw seven stars [angels] of heaven tied together, all like burning mountains, and like spirits in agony. And I asked, for what sin are they bound and cast hither? And Uriel, one of the holy angels who was with me, said unto me, 'Enoch, why askest thou, and wherefore dost thou inquire? These are the stars which have transgressed the commandment of the most high God, and they are bound here until ten thousand æons, the number of the days of their guilt, have been fulfilled.' And from thence I went unto yet another place which was still more awful than this, and beheld something terrific. A great fire was there, burning and flaming, and a

great abyss was all around, into which descended great pillars of fire; but how deep it was, and how wide, I could not see. Then I said, 'How awful is this place, and how horrible to behold!' And Uriel, one of the holy angels who was with me, answered unto me and said, 'Enoch, why art thou so afraid and so terrified at this awful place, and at the torments thou beholdest?' And he said unto me, 'This place is the prison of the angels, and here they shall be kept to all eternity.' "

To this account of hell given by the Book of Enoch, we may here add some further information concerning the same locality, derived from talmudic and rabbinical sources. According to the Talmud, hell is divided into seven sections, each of which has a different name; as, 1. Sheol; 2. Destruction; 3. Corruption; 4. Horrible Pit; 5. The Miry Clay; 6. The Shadow of Death; 7. The Nether Parts of the Earth. The name for the whole is *Gehinnom*. In each of these sections there are seven rivers of fire and seven rivers of hail. The second section is sixty times larger than the first, and every successive section is sixty times larger than the preceding one. In each section there are seven thousand caverns, and in each cavern seven thousand clefts, and in each cleft seven thousand scorpions, and each scorpion has seven limbs, and on each limb are *seven thousand barrels of gall*. There are likewise seven rivers of the rankest poison, which when a man touches he bursts. The whole extent of the territory of hell is described in the Talmud with a minuteness which shows a wonderful depth of geographical knowledge. Egypt is four hundred miles in length and the same in breadth. Egypt is equal in extent to a sixth part of Ethiopia; Ethiopia, to a sixth part of the world; the world, to a sixth part of the garden of Eden; the garden of Eden, to a sixth part of Eden; Eden, to a sixth part of hell. *The whole world, therefore, compared with hell is but as the cover of a caldron.\**

With regard to the time when hell was created, some rabbins are of opinion that it was created *before the world*; but others, who pretend to be more deeply versed in Midrashic lore, positively assert that it could not have been created at

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\* See on all this Eisenmenger's *Entdecktes Judenthum*, 2<sup>ter</sup> Theil. 6<sup>ter</sup> Capitel.

any other time than on the *second day* of creation. One asks, astonished, for the ground of this assurance, and is still more astonished, when, in place of an answer, he is directed once more carefully to read over the account of the creation as contained in the first chapter of Genesis. One reads, and reads, and reads a third time, but, unable to obtain the wished-for light, helplessly turns again to the wonderful rabbi, and he, with a smile in which the triumphant consciousness of his wisdom is blended with contempt for others' stupidity, completes this confusion, by asking in return, "Hast thou not found that the holy Torah, in the account of the second day of creation, *omits* the blessed words which close that of all the five other days, — *And God saw that it was good?* Now to what other cause could this extraordinary omission of the sacred text possibly be attributed, than to the fact that *this second day witnessed the creation of hell?!!*

The above account of the *Fall of Angels*, originated or first communicated by the *Book of Enoch*,\* became the universal belief of the later Jews, and we find a direct allusion to it in two Apostolic writings, the Second Epistle of Peter, and the Epistle of Jude: "And the angels which kept not their first estate, but left their own habitation, he hath reserved in chains under darkness unto the judgment of the great day" (Jude i. 6); the reference to the crimes of Sodom and Gomorrah, in verse 7, leaving no doubt whatever that the sins for which they were thus punished were understood to be the same as those attributed to them in the apocalyptic work.

But whether this punishment did not extend to *all* the fallen angels, or whether they had greatly multiplied before they had been imprisoned and their children were not included in their punishment, or whether, according to a rabbinical assurance, Noah from pity had saved some of them by affording them a shelter in his ark, or whether, finally, there was still another

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\* If the Hebrew word רפאים, *manes* or *shades*, (Prov. xxi. 16, Job xxvi. 5, Isa. xxvi. 14,) were correctly translated by the Septuaginta and Symmachus, who render it by γίγαντες and θεομάχοι, the belief in a fall of angels, or a war of Titans and giants, would be of a much older date; but as it is, the fact of mistranslating the word, as they do, only proves that they shared the belief, either derived from the Book of Enoch or elsewhere. The Greek translation of Proverbs, Job, and Isaiah was hardly written before the Book of Enoch.



race of devils, different from the fallen angels,—which, according to Dillmann, is the actual belief of the author of the second part of the Book of Enoch,—however this may be, we find that, in spite of this incarceration mentioned by the apocalyptic patriarch and referred to by the Apostolic writers, there are plenty of devils left at liberty; and of Satan himself we are distinctly assured by the Apostle Peter that “he goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.”\* Yea, instead of having lost, he seems to have gained in power and influence; he has actually obtained apparently exclusive possession of the earth, and is become *the God of this world*, ὁ θεὸς τοῦ αἰῶνος τούτου. (2 Cor. iv. 4.) He thus stands, with the single exception of his non-eternal origin, in precisely the same position with regard to God that Ahriman does to Ormuzd. The universal monarchy of the Almighty appears divided: heaven is indeed still left to him, but earth and the whole human race, with the exception of an elect few, have fallen into the hands of the Devil. *He* is the real ruler of the world, *he* the possessor of all the kingdoms of the earth and the glory thereof, and can give them to whosoever is willing to fall down before him and worship him. As God reigns in heaven, so *he* reigns in the intermediate space between heaven and earth, whence he is also called *the prince of the power of the air*, ὁ ἄρχων τῆς ἐξουσίας τοῦ αἵρος. (Ephes. ii. 2.)

The beautiful world which the old Elohim of Genesis had called forth from chaos, making it an harmonious whole embracing both heaven and earth, a perfect cosmos, is thus torn asunder. One half is taken away from its Creator and legitimate Lord, and given over to the Devil; and the earth which, according to sacred psalmists and prophets, was once filled with God's glory, is now the habitation of devils and the arena of demoniac powers. Yea, that beautiful word itself, with which Pythagoras meant to express the harmony of the universe, is now used as the monument of its discord, for it is the *Kosmos* which, including everything evil and sinful, forms the most direct antithesis to heaven, and ὁ ἄρχων τοῦ κόσμου τούτου

\* How this assertion of the Apostle, or Apostolic writer, can be made to agree with the above account of the imprisonment of the fallen angels, or, still more, with Satan's continuing in heaven up to the time of Christ, as we find it in Rev. xii. 1, and Luke x. 18, we leave to those who are more skilful at reconciling contradictions.

is the Devil's most legitimate title. In one word, just as the kingdom of Ormuzd is bounded and opposed by a kingdom of Ahriman, so the *kingdom of God* (ἡ βασιλεία τοῦ θεοῦ) is bounded and opposed by a *kingdom of Satan* (ἡ βασιλεία τοῦ σατανᾶ); and, with close adherence to Zoroastrian terminology, one is defined as a *power of Light* (ἐξουσία τοῦ φωτός), and the other as a *power of Darkness* (ἐξουσία τοῦ σκότους).

Looking in this light upon their present, the later Jews looked in the same light also upon the past, and interpreted their sacred history accordingly.

Satan being now the Jewish Ahriman, and Ahriman's symbol being the serpent, what else but Satan could have been that serpent which tempted Eve and caused the fall of man? Accordingly we find that already the Book of Wisdom, with a reference to that fall, declares that "through envy of the *Devil* death had come into the world," and the Targum on the Pentateuch ascribed to Jonathan Ben Uzziel, after having given the speech of the serpent to Eve, makes this addition of its

own: וַחֲמַת אֱתָהָא יֵת סַמְאֵל מַלְאָךְ מוֹתָא וְרַחֲלֵלָה, "And the woman saw Sammael, the angel of death, and was afraid." For this reason, in addition to his other titles, the Devil henceforth also carries that of the *Old Serpent* (ὁ ὄφις ὁ ἀρχαῖος, Hebrew הַנָּחָשׁ הָרִאשׁוֹן, or הַנָּחָשׁ הַקְדֵּמוֹנִי) or the *great Dragon* (δράκων ὁ μέγας). Rev. xii. 3, 9, 15.

In the same way Cain is represented as having murdered his brother at the instigation of the Devil, and it is with a view to this, and the seducing speech which he is supposed to have made to Eve, that he is called "a liar and a murderer from the beginning."

To a similar substitution of new and foreign ideas for old and national ones, the Devil is indebted for a title to which, indeed, he would seem to have but little claim. How did the "Prince of Darkness" come by his beautiful but very inappropriate name of *Light-bearer*, or Lucifer? At the time when Cyrus was first leading his army against the walls of Babylon, the exulting heart of a great patriotic prophet foretold the approaching downfall of the great destroyer of his nation. In a passage of the grandest sublimity, he imagines the spirits of the dead kings in Sheol (Hades) rising at the entrance of

the king of Babylon, — whose destruction his prophetic eye already sees realized, — and apostrophizing him in the following poetic strains : “ Art thou also become weak as we ? Art thou become like unto us ? Thy pomp is brought down to the grave, and the noise of thy viols ; the worm is spread under thee, and the worms cover thee. *How art thou fallen from heaven, O Lucifer, son of the morning !* how art thou cut down to the ground, that didst weaken the nations ! Thou saidst in thine heart, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God : I will also sit upon the mount of the congregation, in the fields of the north : I will ascend above the heights of the clouds : I will be like the Most High. Yet thou art brought down to Sheol, to the sides of the pit.” Now this highly colored picture of the pride and fall of the last king of Babel, the uncritical interpretation of a later age — out of all connection and against all sense — considered to be descriptive of the fall of Satan, without the least shadow of a reason, except that the word *Sheol* of the text (which means merely Hades, or place of departed spirits) had been mistranslated *Hell*, and that the word *Star* often designates an *Angel*, — and so the king of Babel was changed into a king of Hell, and out of a *metaphor* arose a *dogma*. This, as far as we know, is the only foundation for the belief in a “*rebellion* of Satan and his host,” and nothing is more calculated to show the transcendent genius of the great poet, and the extent to which he has impregnated popular imagination, than the embarrassment in which common readers find themselves to distinguish between what in their creed is derived from the Bible, and what from “*Paradise Lost*.”

Among his new names, we must also reckon that of *Beelzebub*, which in the Old Testament was the name of a *God of the Philistines*, worshipped at Ekron, Hebrew בַּעַל זְבוּב (see 2 Kings i. 2), but now, according to the prevailing belief that all the gods of the heathen were devils, is used to designate Satan. The reading *Beelzebub*, which some prefer, would be a mere term of contempt, being composed of בַּעַל, Lord, and זָבֹל, dirt, *Deus stercoreus*. He is also sometimes called ὁ πο-

*νηρός*, the *Wicked One*, and once (1 Cor. vi. 15), with the Hebrew word intending the same meaning, *Belial* or *Beliar*.

In the Talmud and the Rabbinical writings, the name by which the Devil is most generally designated is *Sammael*, סמאל, and it is under this name that he unites in himself all the various offices and characteristics attributed to the *יטש* of the Old and the *διάβολος* of the New Testament. It is Sammael who was and is the Old Serpent, the Accuser, the Prince of the Air, the Chief of the Demons, yea, it is he to whom, under the name of Azazel, the goat of atonement was sent into the wilderness. But his most particular office is that of the *Angel of Death*. Terrible, most terrible, so say the Jews, is his appearance under that character,—so frightful that the very dogs begin to howl at his approach. He carries in his hand a dagger dipped in the rankest poison, from which he lets fall a bitter drop upon the lips of the dying. It is probably with reference to this that the author of the fourth Gospel uses the expression, “taste of death,” *γεύσεται θανάτου*, and possibly that St. Paul speaks of a sting of death, *ποῦ σου, Θάνατε, τὸ κέντρον*; (1 Cor. xv. 55.)

The Hebrew word Sammael does not occur in the New Testament, but that the Greek *Θάνατος* is often used to express the very same, namely, the personified Death, is evident from passages such as Apocalypse vi. 8, where he appears riding on a pale horse. In most cases the New Testament distinguishes between the Angel of Death and Satan; so, for instance, Apocalypse xx. 10–14, where Death (Sammael or Thanatos) is represented as being thrown into the lake of fire and brimstone a good while after Satan. But that the full Talmudic view of the identity of Satan with Sammael already prevailed before the close of the New Testament canon, we may see from a passage of the Epistle to the Hebrews, where the Angel of Death is expressly identified with the Devil (Heb. ii. 14): *Τὸν τὸ κράτος ἔχοντα τοῦ θανάτου, τὸν διάβολον*.

As the theology of *Hebraism* had everywhere seen the power of God, and attributed everything good or evil to his direct influence, even to the extent of paralyzing the freedom of man, so, with the same exclusion of intermediate causes, the demonology of Judaism ascribed every kind of



evil, physical and moral, to the direct agency of the Devil. It is *he* that, either *in propria persona*, or more generally through the instrumentality of his subordinate demons, takes possession of the bodies of men, and afflicts and torments them with all kinds of infirmities and diseases, (particularly such as baffle the skill of physicians, e. g. blindness, deafness, dumbness, epilepsy, lunacy, mania,) whence his victims are characteristically called *demoniacs* (δαιμονιζόμενοι, Matt. ix. 32, or ἔχοντες δαιμόνια, Luke viii. 27, or ὀχλούμενοι ὑπὸ πνευμάτων ἀκαθάρτων, Luke vi. 18, or καταδυναστευόμενοι ὑπὸ τοῦ διαβόλου, Acts x. 38).

It is *he*, likewise, that takes possession of the souls of men, and is the prompter of their sinful thoughts, words, and actions. He is for ever at work, bent upon extending his own dominion and narrowing that of God, by increasing the number of his subjects, by transforming men from servants and sons of God (δούλοι καὶ υἱοὶ θεοῦ) into servants and children of the Devil (διάκονοι καὶ τέκνα διαβόλου). His chief energy, therefore, is directed against him who comes to re-establish the kingdom of God upon earth, — the *Messiah*. For the Devil well knows that it is the mission of the *Messiah* to overthrow his dominion and to destroy his works. This is not merely an instinctive knowledge on his part, but one founded on a clear and emphatic announcement made to himself. For already in Paradise, when, under the form of a serpent, he had caused the fall of man, he had been told by the Lord himself that "*the seed of this very woman*" he had seduced "*should bruise his head.*" That these words did not mean merely to express the natural dislike between men and snakes in general, but had a direct and exclusive reference to the *Devil* and the *Messiah*, — on this point, Judaic exegesis had not the least doubt. For, in the first place, that the serpent was not a natural serpent, but the Devil in disguise, had already been taken for granted; and the reference of "*the seed of the woman*" to the particular person of the *Messiah* was put beyond possible doubt for all those who were initiated into the mysterious depths of cabalistic wisdom. For, according to a branch of cabala called *Gematria*, and which consisted in an *arithmetical* way of reading the Scriptures, by assigning a numerical value to each

letter of the alphabet, it was perfectly clear that the Messiah was this preordained antagonist of the serpent, which is the Devil, from the startling fact that the *numerical value* of the letters that compose the word נחש, or Serpent, is precisely the same as that of those composing the word מישח, or Messiah; the sum of both being 358.

נ = 50	מ = 40
ח = 8	ש = 300
ש = 300	י = 10
	ח = 8

Serpent,	358	Messiah,	358
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Whatever *we* may think of the merits of cabalistic interpretation and argumentation, it was perfectly satisfactory and convincing for the Jews. It was no less so to Jewish Christians, as is well known from the fact that the number 666, which the Book of Revelation gives as the number of Antichrist, was likewise a cabalistic way of designating the first persecutor of the Christians, — the sum of the letters of Neron Cæsar, according to Gematric arithmetic, making precisely the number of the beast, viz. 666.

נ = 50
ר = 200
ו = 6
י = 50
ק = 100
ס = 60
ר = 200
נרון קסר 666

This prevailing belief of the later Jews concerning the power and influence of the Devil, the early Jewish converts still shared with the rest of their people, and it has left its impress upon all the early Christian literature. Accordingly, we find that it is the Devil who, entering the heart of Judas, urges him to betray his master (Luke xxii. 3); it is the Devil who, desiring to have Simon, nearly brought the first of the Apostles to fall (Luke xxii. 31); it is the Devil who "fills Ananias's heart to lie against the Holy Ghost, and to keep back part of the price of his land" (Acts v. 3); it is the Devil that,

working in the children of disobedience and blinding the minds of them which believe not (Eph. ii. 2, 2 Cor. iv. 4), prevents their reception of the Gospel; it is the Devil that, having taken his seat among the unbelieving Jews, (who being such are not worthy of the name of Jews,) has changed their houses of prayer into "*synagogues of Satan*" (Apoc. ii. 9, iii. 9); it is the Devil who is the author of the Gnostic and Antinomian heresies, initiating the followers of a false wisdom (*γνώσις*) into the "*depths of Satan*" (Apoc. ii. 24); it is the Devil, finally, who, giving his power and his seat and great authority to heathen Rome, designated under the figure of the Beast with seven heads and ten horns, persecutes the Church of Christ, and causes the blood of the martyrs to cry up to heaven from the ground (Apoc. xiii.).

But as the reign of Ahriman is not to last for ever, so the power of Satan will at last come to an end. For as one half of the declaration concerning the serpent and the Messiah, made by the Lord in Paradise, "*thou shalt bruise his heel,*" had been fulfilled by the suffering and death of the Messiah, on *his first advent*, so the other half, "*he shall bruise thy head,*" shall be accomplished by his *second advent*. For when the mystic number of days shall be fulfilled, — one time and two times and half a time, — heaven will open, and, riding upon a white horse, with eyes as a flame of fire, and on his head many crowns, and clothed with a vesture dipped in blood, and with a sharp sword going out of his mouth, and all the armies of heaven following him upon white horses, clothed in fine linen, white and clean, the Messiah shall come again, now no longer in the form of a servant, but as a King of kings and Lord of lords. Then, as in the case of Ormuzd and Ahriman, a final and decisive war will be waged between the powers of Good and the powers of Evil, and with the like result. The Beast and the kings of the earth, and their armies, will gather together to make war against him that sitteth on the horse, and against his army; but they will be utterly conquered and destroyed. There will be an end both of *heathen despotism* and *heathen idolatry*, for both the Beast and the false prophet that wrought miracles before him will be cast alive into a lake of fire, burning with brimstone. And an angel will come down from

heaven, having the key of the bottomless pit, and a great chain in his hand, and will lay hold on the *dragon*, the *old serpent*, which is the *Devil* and *Satan*, and bind him a thousand years. During this time the *Messiah* will be sole ruler on the earth, and all those who, in defiance of heathen despotism, have died for their faith in him, will live and reign with him. At the end of these thousand years the Devil will again be loosed. But when, going out to deceive the nations, Gog and Magog, whose number is as the sand of the sea, and gathering them to battle, he again attempts to assail the camp of the saints, fire will fall down from God out of heaven, and devour his army, and he himself will be cast into the lake of fire and brimstone, where the Beast and the false prophet are, and be tormented day and night, for ever and ever. And that will be his end.\*

These then were the views of the later Jews and the early Jewish Christians with regard to a personal principle of Evil. Are these views contained in the writings of Evangelists and Apostles? We answer decidedly, *they are*. We cannot and shall not deny it. We scorn to stoop to the mean and cowardly trick — the paltry expedient of a shallow Rationalism — of twisting and quibbling to *explain away* inconvenient and unpalatable passages of the Biblical text, believing that this same twisting and quibbling is the least effectual means to get rid of the “Devil,” either in name or in substance; and we feel heartily sorry and ashamed to have to acknowledge that even liberal Christians have occasionally been guilty of the practice.† But if these views are contained in the writings of Evangelists and Apostles, must they not, as such,

\* The Jews have been more merciful towards the Devil than the Christians. According to some of their books, Sammael is not always to stay in Hell, nor always to remain a devil. A time will come when he, too, will be converted and sanctified, and become again an angel of the Lord. Then he will lose the first syllable of his name, viz. *סם*, which means poison, and retain only the last, *ל*, which means God. Likewise Hell itself will be cleansed and purified, and annexed to the borders of Paradise.

† So a Unitarian Doctor of Divinity in Scotland published, some thirty years ago, a large volume, — well intended, no doubt, but superlatively illogical, — to prove that the Bible knew nothing of a personal Devil. And the same position, without even an attempt at proof, has lately been taken by Dr. Horace Bushnell, in a work, in reading which our high respect for the whole-hearted man and pious Christian is every now and then grated upon by our impatience with the defective scholar and logician.



be of binding force for all that profess to believe in the Gospel of Christ?

A few words we must be allowed to say on a point concerning which there exists in the popular mind a sad confusion, — a source of infinite mischief to the Church, and concerning which those at least who call themselves liberal Christians ought to come at last to a clear understanding.

We believe in Christ, with all our heart, and soul, and strength. We believe, indeed, with Peter, that he, and he alone, has words of everlasting life, and, with Paul, we are not ashamed of his Gospel; for, like the Apostle, we have felt, and with deepest inmost conviction declare, that it is a power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth. We believe that in Christ and through Christ a new truth and new power has come into the world, which the world knew nothing or little of before him, but of whose inexhaustible riches it will never come to an end, — a truth and power which will for ever, *for ever* satisfy the heart and mind of man, and beyond which there is no progress imaginable. We do *not* believe, as so many others do in these wise days of ours, that Jesus was merely the greatest production of a certain race or nation, — that his Gospel is merely the highest idea of a particular age, and as such, however high, merely a phase in the endless development of humanity, which still may lead to higher manifestations of the same power that was in him. But we consider him absolutely the greatest, and his Gospel absolutely, not merely relatively, the most perfect of religions; and we too believe and declare, "*Jesus, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever!*"

But having said this much, we must say something more. Having expressed our faith in the permanent and absolute character of the Gospel of Christ, we must add, that, when this Gospel left its divine birthplace, and started on its world-conquering mission of love to make its home in other hearts, it had to undergo the same fate with its author, and like him had to assume the form of a servant, and to be made in the likeness of men. As Jesus — however much the Son of God according to the spirit — was, according to the flesh, a man such as we are, subject to the same wants, the same sufferings, the same passions and temptations as we, so his

Gospel too, though divine, had to become subject to the finite conditions of humanity and the law of gradual intellectual progress. Eternal and complete in itself, its realization upon earth was to be a work of time. In order to conquer, it had to serve. In order to persuade men, it had, to a certain extent, to accommodate itself to their capacities, to enter into their ways of thinking, to adopt their modes of speech. Like St. Paul, it had to be weak with the weak and strong with the strong, Jew with the Jews and Greek with the Greeks, being all things to all men, that by all means it might save some. This accommodation, on the part of its first preachers, was often, no doubt, conscious and intentional; but equally often, we must believe, it was not so. They were, by birth and education, Jews. Their whole mind was impregnated with Jewish ideas; and though the new life and truth changed their moral and spiritual nature, it did not and could not, at once, change their intellectual one; and though the heart became Christian, the mind, to a great extent, still remained Jew. This is strikingly illustrated by the case of that glorious one who did more than any other to vindicate the absolute and universal character of the Gospel of Christ, but whose Rabbinical subtleties of argumentation betray too often that he had been a Pharisee and disciple of Rabbi Gamaliel before he became an apostle of Jesus. And the same holds good, more or less, of all the Apostolic writers. As historical Christianity in general is the result of a compromise between old and new, — between Judaism and Hellenism on the one hand, and the Gospel of Christ on the other, — so the earliest Christian literature is not the Gospel itself in its objective substantiality, but the record of its first *subjective form*, which was given to it in the minds of its earliest converts.

The writings of the Apostles and Evangelists are the earthen vessels in which the heavenly treasure was first brought to us; and though we, indeed, value them most highly as such, and on account of that, we still do not identify them with the treasure itself. As the Apostles and Evangelists are not Jesus himself, so their words are not *his* words; and though their writings do, indeed, contain the Gospel, they contain a good many things besides. Now we are by no means willing to receive these "many other things" with the same reverential

submission with which we receive the genuine Gospel itself. As far as the spirit of Christ speaks through them, we listen and obey, as to the voice of divine, infallible truth ; as far as the spirit of Judaism speaks through them, we take their words for what they are worth. We cannot be at a moment's doubt as to which is the one and which the other. Though wedged in a crowd, the sick woman did not mistake the one from whom had gone forth the *virtue that had made her whole*. The Spirit of God within us bears witness to the words of the Spirit without ; and even the spirit of evil will bow before the majesty of Christ's own presence. What the heart feels as deadening, not life-giving, — what the mind clearly understands to be national, local, and temporal, not universal, absolute, and eternal, — we have the right to declare and reject, as the doctrine of men, not of God.

As such a doctrine of men, not of God, we consider the dogma of a Devil. It is a remnant of Judaistic superstition, and has nothing in common with the Gospel of Christ. It is as unphilosophical as it is unchristian, and has no longer any hold upon the living minds of the present. It lies with other doctrines, curious, indeed, to the student, as monuments of past phases of philosophical and theological development, but without any value or authority for the practical Christian.

But while rejecting the husk of fiction, do we therefore also reject the kernel of truth ? While denying the existence of a *Devil*, do we therefore also deny the existence of *sin* ? "God forbid ! Yea, rather we establish it !" We believe only too firmly, because we have realized it too feelingly, in the existence and power of sin ; but we seek for its author no longer without us, — we find the Devil in *ourselves*. As all physical evil is the effect of nature's not being yet fully subdued by man, so all moral evil is the fruit of man's not submitting himself to God. "I am come to destroy the works of the Devil," — so said that Holy One, and such indeed is his blessed mission in every individual heart. Where Christ enters, the Devil flees, — for the Devil is self-will, and the death of self-will is Love.

Let us, then, not be unwilling to give up the Devil, both in name and in substance, in order that with more undivided heart we may give ourselves to that *Love which is God*.

## ART. IV.—THE PIONEER BISHOP.

1. *Journals of the* REV. FRANCIS ASBURY, *Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church*. New York: Carlton and Phillips. 1852. 3 vols. 12mo.
2. *Asbury and his Coadjutors*. By REV. W. C. LARRABEE. Cincinnati: Swormstedt and Poe. 1853. 2 vols. 18mo.
3. *The Pioneer Bishop: or the Life and Times of Francis Asbury*. By W. P. STRICKLAND. With an Introduction by NATHAN BANGS, D. D. New York: Carlton and Porter. 1858.

IN the work of Mr. Strickland we have what purports to be an adequate and reliable biography of the man who, more than all others, was instrumental in organizing and giving efficacy to one of the most numerous and influential religious bodies in this country. It is singular that such a character should have so long remained in obscurity, especially when we find that the story of his life forms one of the most thrilling narratives ever put upon record. The hardships and perils encountered, the toilsome enterprises undertaken, the poverty and self-denial involved in the accomplishment of the work, together with the wonderful results now for many years developing themselves, conspire to render this biography one of surpassing interest.

The Journals have been before the public for several years; but in such a form, owing to the unfavorable circumstances under which they must necessarily have been written, that they were not likely to attract popular attention. The work of Mr. Larrabee is not designed as a formal memoir, "but to present to general readers a graphic view of the prominent and interesting events in the career of Asbury." It has been only within a few months that the public have had the privilege of perusing, in a convenient form, a true and careful account of a man of so great personal and historical interest. Mr. Strickland's book is not altogether what we might desire. It seems as though a man really inspired with his subject, in writing such a biography, would hardly fail to have invested it with a more powerful dramatic interest, and would have carried us more thoroughly into the very life of the individual, instead



of turning aside here and there to commonplace moralizing, or to detail facts which have no immediate connection with the subject of his work. However, we are so much interested in the story, that we will not stop to criticise the style in which it is told. We are glad that it has been published, and regard it as a valuable addition to our ecclesiastical literature. And we now propose, from the materials which we have thus described, to give a general outline of the life of this Pioneer Bishop.

FRANCIS ASBURY was born in the parish of Handsworth, near Birmingham, England, August 20, 1745. His parents, Joseph and Elizabeth, were amiable and respectable people, in humble but comfortable circumstances. Besides Francis they had only one child, a daughter, who died at an early age. He was a serious and thoughtful boy, religiously inclined from his infancy, and, as we are told, leading a life of blameless morality from boyhood to manhood. His father intended to give him a thorough education, and to this end placed him early at school. Whether it was at some "Dotheboys Hall," similar to which there might have been a larger proportion in England a hundred years ago than now, we know not; but we are informed that the master was a "regular son of Belial," so churlish in his manners and so tyrannical in his conduct that the boy only became a proficient in disgust with learning in general and with this school in particular. He accordingly abandoned his books and was apprenticed as a tradesman.

When he was fourteen years of age he went to hear one of the Wesleyan preachers. He was a good deal annoyed to find that the minister prayed fluently and fervently without any prayer-book, and that he preached freely and forcibly without any note-book. Yet upon the whole he liked the services, and they left a strong and unusual impression on his mind. From this time his religious feelings took a new turn, and he became a more active Christian. He connected himself with the Wesleyan societies, and soon after began to hold meetings in his father's house. Here and in other places giving good proofs of his ability as an exhorter, he received license as a "local preacher." This, it is to be remembered, was when he was only fifteen or sixteen years of age. He

still worked at his trade (of buckle-making) ; but held himself in readiness, whenever called upon, to preach or to labor in any other religious capacity. He spent four or five years thus, engaged regularly about his secular vocation, yet frequently preaching as often as four or five times a week. After this he gave up his trade and devoted himself wholly to the work of preaching, itinerating through the country according to the practice of those to whom he allied himself.

In 1771 he volunteered to come to this country as one of the missionaries called for by Mr. Wesley. With a sad heart this only child of his parents separated himself from his home and his friends to dwell in a country which seemed almost out of the world. He was a mere youth ; yet to him was intrusted the superintendence of the whole mission. The societies were scattered over a territory extending from New York to Norfolk, and reaching inland not far from a hundred miles. Occupying this ground there were six or eight itinerant missionaries, each of whom had from four to ten regular preaching-places. Asbury commenced work at once, visiting the societies and organizing the forces. It was the design, not only to retain a firm foothold where already acquired, but also to make aggressions as rapidly as possible on "the kingdom of darkness."

About two years later other ministers were sent out from England, and some of them having more years and experience than Asbury, the precedence was yielded, and he fell into the ranks as a subordinate preacher. Each missionary had his "circuit" allotted him ; but his business was emphatically that of a travelling preacher ; for not only did his field of labor require a journey of several miles between every two consecutive appointments, amounting to some hundreds of miles in a month, but at the end of every quarter there was a general change, and new explorations were to be made by each. The societies prospered and multiplied. Between one and two thousand persons connected themselves with them during the first five years. There was as yet no attempt at the organization of a church. They regarded themselves as a branch of the Episcopal Establishment, and the preachers had no authority to administer the sacraments, or exercise any of the functions of an ordained ministry.

Now came on the political disturbances of the Revolution. As Asbury was preaching one day in Maryland, a messenger came along breathless and alarmed, with news of the battle of Lexington. Asbury saw at once that this was no transient trouble. Aware that a terrible war had commenced, he also perceived that it was fraught with calamities to him and his associates. The preachers were nearly all English, the mission was of English origin, and Wesley was known to be a high-toned royalist. Naturally enough, in the excited state of public sentiment, suspicion would fall on the whole body. Many of the preachers were terrified, and even the superintendent of the societies advised the abandonment of the work and flight to England. To this advice all the English preachers, except Asbury, listened, and found their way as soon as possible across the ocean. He could not so easily desert the cause, and leave its adherents, now several thousands, as sheep without any shepherd. It is moreover pretty evident that he felt great sympathy for the "rebels," and had a tolerably clear presentiment that they would be successful, and thus bring a new nation into being.

He was now again the virtual head of the Methodist enterprise, and, though surrounded by perils and difficulties, kept prudently about his business. Being obliged to retire from Maryland because he could not conscientiously take the "preposterously rigid" oath of allegiance which the sensitiveness of the people required, he found a home in Delaware in the house of Judge White. From this point he made frequent excursions to preach and labor. But his mind was ill at ease. He wanted a whole continent to range in; and here he was "cooped up in the little State of Delaware," and not allowed freely to pursue his calling even in that small parish! In addition to these embarrassments, he suffered severely from physical disorders incident to a new and miasmatic region. His preaching, too, during this period, was under most discouraging circumstances. He found no neatly-finished and comfortable churches, into which he could carry a well-prepared manuscript sermon, to deliver to respectful auditors. In private rooms, in barns, and in the open air, he spoke as he had opportunity, to small congregations, seldom of more than a

hundred persons, rude, uncultivated, frequently heedless, sometimes disorderly, and almost always unpromising. His sermons must be extemporaneous, adapted to the peculiar circumstances of the time and people, and often at only a few minutes' notice. Several times, in these days, he complains of having no "freedom," being embarrassed and "shut up." Yet at times "his soul would get on fire, and then he would preach with fluency, power, and eloquence."

But even in troublous times the work went on. He gathered his ministers together at Judge White's, for conference and deliberation. Having devised a plan of action, they divided the labor, and the prospects soon became more promising. These were again overcast by some painful dissensions among the preachers. Some were desirous of separating from the connection in England, and of forming at once an independent ecclesiastical organization. As we have said, they could not now administer the ordinances, nor perform most of the other functions of a regular ministry, though, in many places, they were the only resort which the people had for any of the rites of religion. It is not strange that there were deep feelings of dissatisfaction on these accounts. Others of the preachers, however, were unwilling to take the responsibility of a separation. They did not regard their mission as an ecclesiastical one at all. It was simply evangelical,—designed to promote a religious reformation,—and they feared, if they began to assume the character of a *church*, it would be prejudicial to their main object. The contention was for a time so strong, that a division appeared inevitable, and was only averted by the prudence and wisdom of their leader.

But the Revolution was accomplished, and with the cessation of war ceased many painful experiences to Asbury and his coadjutors. There was no longer any restraint upon their movements, and all the machinery of the mission was in full operation. During the few years about the close of the war, and subsequently, the societies had rapidly increased, and in 1784 numbered nearly twenty thousand members. It was now clear that something must be done in the way of organization, which had not hitherto been attempted. The connection could no longer regard itself as a branch of the Episcopal



Church, if it would; for there was no longer any such Church in America. By the Revolution, the American Episcopal churches had been dissevered from the parent Church in England, and must reorganize upon a new basis. In this crisis the fertile mind of Wesley devised a plan, which was found satisfactory to all his followers in this country. As the intricate knot could not be untied, he determined to *cut* it,—an expedient to which he frequently resorted.

Although the great chief of Methodism had been originally of decided high-church tendencies, his views were modified by the progress of years and experience. He had come to the conclusion, that bishops were not necessarily a distinct order in the ministry, but were simply economical or prudential officers, instituted by the providence of God, or by the suffrages of their fellow-presbyters, to the oversight of certain portions of the ecclesiastical and evangelical work.

To such an office he regarded himself as virtually called, and as substantially holding by providential circumstances. He was the head of the Methodist body,—the recognized director of all its operations. Abandoning his former notions of a “regular succession,” and becoming convinced of the validity of ordination by the presbytery, he determined to ordain ministers for America, and to give his sanction to the organization of a Church. The American societies had requested him to furnish them such a system as would secure the regular and orderly administration of the ordinances of Christianity. He therefore advised them to adopt the Episcopal form of government, and drew up his plan accordingly. Being himself an elder in the Church of England, and having other elders of that Church associated with him, he did not doubt his right to ordain elders, who would in their turn become competent to ordain others. Several were thus set apart and sent to this country. Wesley then appointed Rev. Thomas Coke, LL. D. and Francis Asbury superintendents of the new Church.

But as the form of government was to be episcopal, it would seem proper to give its overseers the power and authority of bishops, although Wesley had invincible scruples against the use or assumption of that name by these officers,

even while recommending and establishing the thing. Of course, no English bishop could be found to lay hands on a Methodist superintendent and induct him into the episcopal office, whatever the name of that office might be called. But Wesley was not to be frustrated. Deeming himself virtually a bishop, if not by episcopal ordination, at least by the appointment of Providence, he set apart Dr. Coke to the same office, and gave him authority to ordain his colleague, Mr. Asbury.

The Methodist societies in America eagerly adopted the form of organization provided for them. There was reason enough why they should. Hitherto they had had no clergymen among them, — all their ministers being only lay preachers, and even Asbury himself having never been ordained at all. Coke, although recognized as one of the superintendents, spent but very little time in the country. Asbury, though appointed by Mr. Wesley, refused to accept the office of superintendent till duly elected by his brother preachers, so thoroughly had the mind of the young Englishman become impregnated with democratic notions. Having obtained the unanimous vote of the conference, he received ordination successively to the offices of deacon, elder, and bishop; for the American ministers were less scrupulous than their great English leader in making use of a great name, having taken the thing to which it belonged.

Henceforth, during his life, we find Asbury the chief organizer and administrator of a powerful religious movement, — the man doing far more than any other for the establishment and efficiency of a great Christian denomination. He is a bishop, to be sure; but he finds the dignity quite different from that which he must always have associated with the office in his early years. Instead of being elevated to a high rank, addressed as "My Lord," and waited upon by crowds of obsequious lackeys, he himself becomes the servant of all, sacrificing even the conveniences of life for the laborious toil of seeking, through rough wildernesses, after lost sheep. He will have no splendid palace, no magnificent cathedral, no snug diocese, no princely income; but instead, he will preach in school-houses, in barns, and on the stumps of trees; his lodgings will be in log-huts or in the houseless forest; his

diocese a whole continent, to visit which he must find his way, without roads, through almost illimitable woods, by blazed trees, over almost inaccessible mountains, floundering through swamps, wading or swimming vast rivers, scorched by hot suns, bitten by winter frosts, drenched with pitiless rain-storms, almost smothered with driving snows, and often in divers perils. His salary, — that must be left to Providence. It is sometimes a little, and sometimes less, and never worth mentioning. His travelling equipage is not exactly "a chariot and four," but rather saddle-bags and one. His sacerdotal robes are wholly after the American frontier style; and frequently, after a jaunt of a thousand miles in the wilderness, they are found to be of variegated pattern, open-work not embroidered. He is a pioneer bishop, and worthily does he magnify his office, not in word, but in the wide extent of his labors and the enduring monuments of his influence.

Immediately after his induction into the episcopal office, he commenced his journeyings. As yet societies had been established in only nine of the States, — those bordering on the Atlantic, and extending from New York to Georgia. Yet this was no small circuit for him to make annually. Within the next five years, as we learn from his journals and other sources, he made twenty visits to Virginia, ten to North Carolina, seven to South Carolina, nineteen to Maryland, seven to Pennsylvania, ten to New Jersey, seven to Delaware, five to New York, and two to Georgia. He rode on horse-back from thirty to fifty miles daily, — not along smooth roads and over level plains or gentle undulations, but through dismal swamps, across bridgeless rivers, and in pathless forests. He could not wait for pleasant weather; but whether in a drenching storm, a bleak wind, or a drifting snow, or the heat of August, on he went. Often he would have to swim streams full of floating ice, and then ride twenty miles with his clothes wet nearly to his breast. His horse sometimes failed him through lameness or weariness, but the man had no opportunity to be weary. If his horse was not able to accompany him, he would push on alone, for he had appointments in advance all along his route. He preached somewhere nearly every day.

Very precarious too were his sources of subsistence. Calling at the lonely cabin of some dweller in the wilderness, cold, wet, weary, and hungry, he did not always find a hospitable welcome. Sometimes he was refused outright, and sent away for miles to some less churlish neighbor. Even then his entertainment was likely to be none of the best. The family might have little for themselves to eat, and still less for a stranger. His lodging would be in some log-loft, all open to the wind and storm. It is not strange that he was often sick. Violent headaches, sore-throat, and other diseases, were the frequent results of his exposure. These sometimes affected his spirits, producing nervous irritation and despondency, which the scenes he passed through in his ministrations were not calculated to allay. Disturbances in his meetings were frequent. Men would come in disgracefully drunk, and sometimes manifest a violent disposition towards him. The moral condition of the country through which he travelled was exceedingly bad. Intemperance, profanity, and other social vices prevailed alarmingly. It was not easy to arouse the people from their apathy and stupid carelessness, and excite in them any religious interest. In addition to his other burdens, he had undertaken to establish and sustain a college in Maryland under the patronage of the youthful Church. It proved burdensome and expensive, embarrassing him much in all his labors. Yet the brave man did not falter at difficulties. He had a definite and important mission to perform, and this he was determined to accomplish or die in the effort. So he went on his way with a firm step and a manly heart, having unwavering faith in God, and great confidence respecting the future.

But the settlements were already extending inland, and wherever was found the camp-fire or log-hut of the pioneer emigrant, there was sure to be an occasional visit from some itinerant preacher. In 1786 for the first time our Bishop in his explorations found himself on the summit of the Alleghanies, from which he could look down on the plains of the great West. Few were the hardy emigrants who had hitherto passed this extreme limit of civilization and made their homes in the savage wilderness. But some of these Asbury deter-



mined to visit. It was a seriously difficult journey from that mountain height to the region below. Though midsummer, the mud and mire were such as might scarcely be expected in December. He pressed on through deep valleys, over rugged hills, in the midst of lonely wilds, where no food for man could be found and little for horse. He swam the Monongahela, and stopped not till he stood on the banks of the Ohio, whence he turned back towards the coast. During his journey he preached wherever he could find any number of people, however few, to hear him.

In the spring of 1788 he made his first visit to Tennessee. From the western counties of North Carolina he made a move for the mountains. He had to cross three ranges, which, on account of their rugged and difficult ascent, he named, the first Steel, the second Stone, the third Iron.

"In one of the dark ravines he was overtaken by a sudden and violent thunder-shower. The lightning flashed fearfully from peak to peak, the thunder echoed in awful crashes among the crags, and the rain poured down in torrents. Late at night he reached the solitary cabin of a settler in one of the valleys, where he found shelter till morning."

The next day he proceeded on his adventurous journey. Night again overtook him in the midst of the mountains; but again he found a settler's hut and a night's rest. On the third day he ascended the last range of hills, and saw before him the valley of the Holstein River, to which he descended, and after much toil reached the place of his destination. It was a laborious and perilous journey; but a year or two before, he had sent two or three preachers to that wild and distant region, and he felt bound to go wherever his preachers and their people were.

Thus every year journeyed this singularly devoted man, always making new explorations, encountering new difficulties, which no ordinary man could face, and incurring the extremest perils; but always pressing his way and extending his labors to the farthest range of the white settlements, and supplying the scattered population with such religious privileges as his means would allow. Sometimes he journeys all alone through most forbidding regions. Sometimes he joins a party of backwoodsmen in Kentucky and Tennessee, well armed for

mutual protection against the Indians ; and on one occasion he himself stands sentry all night in a furious storm of rain, with his musket on his shoulder. Almost every day he preaches ; the care of many churches is on him ; to him come all the preachers for counsel ; and in each conference he must preside, and bear the responsibility of arranging nearly all the work for the ecclesiastical year. It is to be borne in mind, too, that he was all this time striving to perfect the organization of the infant Church. Its machinery was for a long time cumbrous and unwieldy, and it was not till after repeated experiments that it could be brought into satisfactory working order. So with physical labors, with mental anxieties, and not without severe trials from wicked men and mistaken zealots, he makes what headway he can in his career.

There is an interesting account given of his first visit to New England, in 1791. Two years before, the shrewd, good-natured, and strong-minded Jesse Lee had volunteered to go single-handed into the strong-hold of Puritan Calvinism, and preach the more genial doctrines of Arminianism. It was, to be sure, a most unpromising field ; the people scented heresy afar off, and always stood ready to repel it. But, as it appears, Lee met with some success, and other preachers were sent to help him. Asbury at last determined to go himself and see the far-famed Yankees and their equally famous country.

Leaving New York, he went by New Rochelle, White Plains, and Bedford, to Wilton in Connecticut, where he preached his first New England sermon to a serious and well-behaved congregation. He was favorably impressed with the first appearance of the country and the people. The neat villages and frequent farm-houses along the road were peculiarly pleasant to one just emerged from the Western wilderness. The nice churches, gleaming white amid the green trees, and rearing their spires high in the air, assured him that "there had once been some religion in the country, and he doubted not there might yet be left a little in form and theory, though the spirit of evangelical piety had most sadly declined." On Sunday he preached in a barn at Reading to Lee's old congregation of about three hundred serious, attentive people. In the evening of the same day he spoke at Newtown in a Presbyterian

church to a congregation "made up of wild, laughing, and playing young people, and heavy, lifeless old ones." He left this place with no very favorable opinion of the inhabitants. At Stratford, the authorities had voted to close the town-house, in which the Methodists had usually held their meetings. One of the selectmen, however, opened the door, and Asbury went in and preached; "while some smiled, some laughed, some swore, some talked, some prayed, and some wept."

When he arrived at New Haven, his appointment had been published in the newspapers. "Everything was quiet," says he. "We called on the sheriff. We then put up our horses at the Ball Tavern, near the College Yard. I had the honor of having President Stiles, Dr. W., and Rev. Mr. S., with several of the collegians, to hear me. The judges looked very grave while I was preaching. When I was done, no man spoke to me. We visited the College Chapel at the hour of prayer. I wished to go through the whole to inspect the arrangements; but no one invited me. The divines were grave, the students attentive. They treated me like a fellow-Christian in coming to hear me preach, and like a stranger in all other respects."

Leaving New Haven without finding a place to eat or to sleep, he went to Wallingford, where, though he had a small congregation when he began to preach, his animated tones and powerful voice aroused the town, and greatly increased the number of his hearers. At Middlefield he seems to have found more favor, enjoying the quiet use of a meeting-house, and being hospitably entertained by a niece of the devoted David Brainerd. At Middletown he preached to a large, attentive, and serious congregation; but no one invited him to stay in the city, and he had to go a mile out of town to find a lodging-place. He turned down the river, through Haddam to Lyme; and after being kindly entertained in the family of a Baptist minister, he passed on over a dusty and rocky road to New London. He thought the travelling in the vicinity of Stonington was "almost equal to a drive over the Alleghany Mountains," and inferred that the town had been rightly named. He preached in Newport, but concluded that the people were "settled on their lees, and needed emptying from vessel to vessel to stir them up."

He was a good deal depressed in mind during his journey. Evidently he was not at home in New England. He did not sympathize with the religious peculiarities of the people, and clearly they did not much sympathize with him. At length, journeying through dust and heat, he found himself in Boston, the great Puritan metropolis. There were in this city at that time some nine or ten Congregational churches, and eight or nine of other denominations. His own people were almost unknown here, and had no place of worship. He obtained permission to preach in Mr. Murray's church, where he found some twenty hearers. The next night he preached again, and by his energetic style drew out a larger congregation; "though Satan came also, and excited his forces to make disturbance in the streets." Asbury admired the industrious habits of the Bostonians, but did not at all relish their hospitality. "No man invited him to eat, drink, or lodge in the place." He concluded on the whole to give up Boston "till the Methodists could obtain a lodging, a place to preach in, and some people to join them." Undoubtedly a wise conclusion.

His journey extended to Lynn, where for the first time in this section the embarrassed Bishop felt at home. Here his people had a chapel, and a promising society. Lynn appeared to him "the perfection of beauty." We suppose it must have been associated rather than intrinsic beauty, at that time. During his stop he rode over to Salem, but his infelicities returning, he turned back. After spending two weeks in Lynn, he started on his journey westward. He passed along the common thoroughfare as far as Springfield. He makes no mention of preaching on the route; though he says in one place the people declined inviting him to preach, "for fear it might divide the parish." "But," says Asbury, "their fathers, the Puritans, divided the kingdom and the Church too; and when they could not obtain liberty of conscience in England, they sought it here, among wild men and wild beasts." In after times, the division of the parish had to be frequently experienced. The church was compelled to separate from the state, taxation for the support of the ministry became a matter of voluntary agreement, and the freedom to worship God, which the Pilgrims came to establish, was secured in spite of themselves.



From Springfield he made a tortuous journey through Connecticut to Albany, and passed down the Hudson to New York. He estimated the amount of travel at not less than fifteen hundred miles. It had occupied from the first of June to the middle of August. He had preached from seventy to eighty times, or an average of one discourse a day during the whole time. He exhibits an amiable, and for the most part a charitable spirit, in his recorded reflections on this tour. He had been annoyed by the peculiarities of the people, as well as wearied by the rocky roads. Yet he does not appear impatient or irritable. The hardest thing he says is, that he "never saw a people who could talk so long, so seriously, and so correctly, about trifles." His subsequent visits seem to have given him more favorable impressions, though he still finds ample field for criticism. About the commencement of the present century, speaking of Boston, he thinks it "deficient in religion and in good water." If the good man were to visit it now, he would find that, while the latter deficiency has been remedied, there is still room for improvement in religion.

The New England women made a good impression on his mind, — they are not apt to make any other on sensible people, — and he gives them the following "first-rate notice": —

"The simplicity and frugality of New England is desirable. You see the woman a mother, mistress, maid, and wife; and in all these characters a conversable woman. She sees to her own house, parlor, kitchen, and dairy. Here are no noisy negroes running and lounging. If you wish breakfast at six or seven o'clock, there is no setting the table an hour before the provisions can be produced."

But this apostle of a new faith, not everywhere spoken favorably of, especially by adherents to older systems, had little time to rest. After his arduous tour in New England, he could only spend a day or two in reconnoitring for a new circuit of travel. There were seven conferences which he must attend and preside over within the year. To reach these he must travel through thirteen States, and, by numerous divergences for other purposes, visit nearly every part of the country, from Maine to Georgia, and from the Chesapeake Bay to

the Mississippi River. His journeys average from twenty to fifty miles a day, and he preaches from three hundred to five hundred sermons during the year. He will talk and pray in every family where he calls. He must examine, receive, station, and change the preachers; provide means for sustaining his college in Maryland, and seminaries in other places; besides arranging a system of district denominational schools for the Middle, Southern, and Western States, where no public schools existed, as in New England; and, in addition to this, superintend the arrangements for commencing a publishing concern to supply the people with a religious literature.

Little conception can be formed of the vast amount of labor performed, of the hardships endured and the journeys undertaken. His exposure to cold and heat, moisture and drought, — his encounter of huge difficulties in the way of travel, being often destitute, for a long period, of either rest or refreshment, — wore severely on his constitution, sometimes reducing him to the necessity of taking his bed if he could find one, and waiting to recover a little strength. In all this hardship and suffering he did not complain. He informs us that he once came pretty near it, as he was riding on a cold day, wet and hungry, over bad roads; but just as he was about to utter his feelings, he saw a poor woman walking along the road, barefoot and bareheaded, with a child in her arms. Pity for her silenced all complaint for himself.

It is not necessary for us to follow the good Bishop in all his travels. They were much the same in their general features, though presenting a multitude of interesting incidents. For forty-five years he was the leading spirit of the Methodist body, and the one who, more than all others, gave form and efficiency to its working power. Most of this time he was sole superintendent, and had the responsibility of the whole work. Most of the ministers were young men and unmarried. The reason of this will be obvious if we notice a fact or two. There was, in the early economy of the Methodist Church, no provision for the support of preachers' families. Their salary was, by ecclesiastical law, fixed at sixty-four dollars a year, *if they could get it*, but not allowed to exceed that amount. Of course, here was no flattering prospect of a very abundant

support for wife and children. It could hardly be surmised that the preachers were actuated by a worldly ambition or a desire to make money. Yet there were multitudes of young men constantly offering themselves as candidates for the ministry, though all must subject themselves to sundry probations and examinations before being sent forth with a commission from the Church.

It is no wonder that so many retired after a few years from the work. During the eight years previous to the beginning of the present century, there had dropped out of the itinerant ranks and fallen into secular pursuits, two hundred and twenty-one men, — many of them among the most able and popular preachers in the connection. Yet there had, even in this time, been an actual net increase in the number of preachers. But this state of things greatly enhanced the labor and responsibility of the superintendent. He must be the general of an army composed, to a great extent, of raw recruits, who needed his continual oversight. There were few subalterns to aid him in his duties. There must be a general acquaintance with the rank and file of every detachment, as well as with the character of the different fields of action, all through the States and Territories, in order most effectively to dispose of his forces.

Thus almost all the interests of a Christian organization, now rapidly increasing, were resting upon this one man. He was not allowed to settle down in some central place, nor to occupy any convenient position, except a few weeks at a time, when he had some extraordinary business to do in the way of correspondence, or of devising plans, or of recording certain events necessary to be preserved, — and these he usually did when he was too sick to travel. Most of his time was spent remote from towns and all the conveniences of civilization. In the tour which he made through the conferences in 1800, he says that he everywhere found open doors, cheerful hearts, and liberal hands, to receive, encourage, and sustain him. But he was frequently subject to hard fare, especially on the Western frontier. Yet, says he: —

“Why should a living man complain? True, it is at least *inconvenient* to be three months on the frontier, where generally you have but one room and fireplace, and half a dozen folks about you, strangers

perhaps, and their family certainly, — and they are not usually small in these plentiful new countries, — making a crowd: and this is not all; for here you may meditate if you can; and here you *must* preach, read, write, pray, sing, talk, eat, drink, and sleep, or fly to the woods. Well, I have pains in my body which are very afflictive when I ride, but I cheer myself as well as I may ‘with songs in the night.’”

Again, three years after, speaking of his experience in Kentucky and Tennessee, he writes: —

“No room to retire to; that in which you sit common to all, crowded with women and children; the fire occupied with cooking; much and long-loved solitude not to be found, unless you choose to run out into the woods in the rain. Six months in the year, for thirty-two years, I have had to submit occasionally to what can never be agreeable to me. The people are the kindest souls in the world; but kindness will not make a crowded log-cabin, ten feet by twelve, agreeable.”

In this connection, too, he makes mysterious allusions to certain “cutaneous diseases,” from which he saw no security but by “sleeping in a brimstone shirt”!

It appears too that he no more than his preachers was likely to get rich very fast. His disciplinary allowance was just the same as theirs. Yet, as his parents were poor, he frequently did something to aid them. Writing to them in 1793, he says: “I have made arrangements for a remittance to you. It will come into your hands in the space of three or four months. My salary is sixty-four dollars a year. I have sold my watch and library, and would sell my shirts before you should want. I have made a reserve for you. I spend very little on my own account. My friends find me some clothing. The contents of a small saddle-bags will do for me, and one coat a year.” Writing at a later period to them, he says: “I study daily what I can do without. One horse, and that sometimes borrowed, one coat, one waistcoat, — the last coat and waistcoat I used about fourteen months, — four or five shirts, and four or five books.” In 1804, he says good-naturedly: “The Superintendent Bishop of the Methodist Church in America, being reduced to two dollars, was obliged to make his wants known.” In 1806, while attending the Western Conference, he writes: “The brethren were in want, and could not suit themselves; so I parted with my watch, my cloak, and my shirt.”



It will be remembered that he was at this time the presiding officer of an organization embracing five hundred preachers, and more than a hundred and thirty thousand members; himself almost without money, selling his cloak and one of his shirts to supply the wants of those poorer than himself!

As yet the organization had not been fully adjusted. Little by little the system approached completion, and in 1808 received the final modification which brought it into substantially its present form. After this he had assistants in the superintendency, and some one to share the responsibility with him. He still continued to travel and to preside in the conferences as far as his health would permit. He lived till 1816, and died while on his way to attend a conference in the city of Baltimore, at the age of seventy years and seven months.

Forty-five years he had been the recognized head of his denomination in this country. He had annually made the tour of the States, travelling never less than five thousand, and often more than six thousand miles a year. He must have journeyed in all more than two hundred and fifty thousand miles; this, too, for the most part, under very unfavorable circumstances, over rough roads or no roads at all, and almost entirely on horseback. He usually preached once every weekday and three times on the Sabbath, or more than twenty thousand discourses in all. He was accustomed to pray with every family he visited, or on whom he called, and would talk personally on the subject of religion with every member of such family. He attended seven conferences annually, and an incalculable number of other meetings. He wrote a great deal. His published journals make more than twelve thousand pages. He wrote, as he estimates, nearly a thousand letters a year, besides committing to paper a great deal on various matters pertaining to the affairs of the Church. We might suppose that, after his limited advantages of early education, he would hardly think of any systematic course of study while employed as he was here in America. Yet to our surprise we learn that he became proficient in Greek, Latin, and Hebrew. "He read the Scriptures in their original tongues, and was capable of critical exposition of difficult passages."

Like one of his predecessors in the primitive Church, he did not marry ; though like him, too, he seems sometimes almost to regret that he could not "lead about a sister or wife like some of the other apostles." It is true that, when he found the matrimonial propensity had deprived the Church of more than two hundred ministers in a few years, he inveighed somewhat strongly against it. But he was not of intention an incorrigible bachelor. The causes of his single condition he gives when about sixty years of age, as follows :—

"If I should die in celibacy, which I think quite probable, I give the following reasons for what can scarcely be called my choice. I was called in my fourteenth year. I began my public exercises between sixteen and seventeen. At twenty-one I travelled. At twenty-six I came to America. Thus far I had reasons enough for a single life. It had been my intention to return to Europe at thirty years of age ; but the war continued, and it was ten years before we had a settled, lasting peace. This was no time to marry or to be given in marriage. At thirty-nine I was ordained Superintendent Bishop in America. Among the duties imposed upon me by my office was that of travelling extensively ; and I could hardly expect to find a woman with grace enough to induce her willingly to live but one week out of the fifty-two with her husband. Besides, what right has any man to take advantage of the affections of a woman, make her his wife, and, by a voluntary absence, subvert the whole order and economy of the marriage state, by separating those whom neither God, nature, nor the requirements of civil society permit long to be put asunder ? It is neither just nor generous. I may add to this, that I had but little money, and with this little I administered to the necessities of a beloved mother till I was fifty-seven. If I have done wrong, I hope God and the *sex* will forgive me. It is my duty now to bestow the pittance I have to spare upon the widows and fatherless girls, and poor married women."

The results of this man's life and labors cannot be fully estimated. On his arrival in this country the members gathered into the Methodist societies did not exceed six hundred, with some six or seven preachers. Before his death, the membership had increased to two hundred thousand, and the number of preachers to seven hundred. He had always a great deal of faith in the success of the enterprise to which he had consecrated his life ; but his most sanguine hopes could hardly have anticipated the greatness of the results. The denomina-

tion in less than eighty years from its first appearance in this land has increased to a membership of a million and a half. It has over eight thousand preachers, who have under their pastoral care between four and five millions of the inhabitants. It has established upwards of twenty colleges, several theological seminaries, and more than a hundred first-class academies. It also possesses some of the most extensive publishing-houses in the country. Such was the life and such are some of the results of the labors of Francis Asbury, the Pioneer Bishop.

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ART. V. — MASSON'S LIFE OF MILTON.

*The Life of John Milton; narrated in Connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time.* By DAVID MASSON, M. A., Professor of English Literature in University College, London. With Portraits and Specimens of his Handwriting at different Periods. Vol. I. 1608-1639. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1859. 8vo. pp. 658.

PROFESSOR MASSON has undertaken to write a book on some half-dozen subjects under one title. Each of those included subjects is of such compass and import as to afford material for volumes. Yet we have no fault to find with the plan of the work, with the discretion or taste with which it is so far executed, or with the relative proportions of its parts. The author starts fairly with his readers, and deals with them according to agreement. The announcement in the title is expanded in the Preface, in which he declares his intent to be to offer, not merely a biography of Milton, but also, in some sort, a continuous history of his time. Large portions of the work may therefore be received by the reader, if he so chooses, as attempts at separate contemporary history, though the author himself considers them as not unnecessarily related to the biography of Milton. His whole aim, then, is to present something like a connected view of British society in general prior to the great Revolution, — a period of history much less studied than the Revolution itself. The volume\* in our hands

is but one of the three which the author finds necessary for completing his design. The life which he is to relate to us at such length furnishes in itself a most natural division of its incidents, relations, and works into three epochs or periods. The first, embraced within this volume, begins with his birth, and follows him through his education and early manhood, — the period in which he composed most of his minor poems. The second takes in the twenty years from 1640 to 1660, that is, from the breaking out of the civil strife to the Restoration, — the period of Milton's polemical and political activity as a prose-writer and a statesman. The third is that which closes with his mortal existence, — the period of his retirement and later poetic fertility.

Whatever may befall the harvests of future years from the cotton-fields and the grain-fields of the earth, the appetite of the literary classes need apprehend no dearth of mental nutriment for some time to come, when we consider the promise of continued instalments from the minds and labors which have furnished only the first volumes of projected works. Lord Macaulay hardly seems to recognize sufficiently the brevity of human life, so laggardly does his dramatic composition advance before the eyes of the expectant thousands whom he has induced to supply themselves with tickets, — season-tickets they are in the strongest sense of the term. Mr. Buckle's cyclopædia, under the title of "A History of Civilization," will hardly culminate into the last of its promised score of volumes until some thousands of other new books shall have afforded him food for his unconscionable appetite.

Professor Masson's readers will have an especial interest in anticipating his two additional volumes. The author himself is particularly concerned in producing them as soon as will consist with their proper execution; for rather in them than in the volume before us will he find a full and triumphant vindication of his plan and method. The question which will constantly press upon the reader, as he holds in hand the solid volume of which we are to make report, and as he turns over four fifths of its pages, will surely be, — Are these antiquarian and biographical relations and summary literary criticisms so connected at any point with the life of Milton as to warrant



such an exhaustive detail of them on pages whose running-title keeps us in mind of what we expect from the book? For ourselves we have been fully content to compound with any impatience of this sort on the score of the real interest of the matter of most of the pages. And when, occasionally, that interest has slightly flagged, our grateful appreciation of the enthusiastic zeal and diligence of the author has rebuked us for any rising weariness over details which have been gathered in a most loving service, through the outlay of incalculable research and pains. Still, familiar as we are with the aches and somnolency experienced over some thousands of professional pages infinitely less vital than the dryest one in Mr. Masson's volume, we answer only for ourselves when we say, that we follow him cheerfully into his farthest digressions from his digressions. For the encouragement of other readers not so well drilled, we will promise, in our author's behalf, that in his second volume, at least, he will convince them that Milton has a right to have the period of his prose compositions written about as "*his time*"; while if the period which is to be related in the third volume — during which the poet was hid in retirement from a dissoluteness worse than the previous discord — shall seem least of the three to be associated with his personality, it will mark the date of works which have given him an inheritance in *all* subsequent *time*.

Mr. Masson evidently is persuaded that there shines around Milton, for us, at least, a halo of glory by which, better than by any other illumination furnished by his age or to be thrown back upon it, we may study or survey his time. There is enthusiasm certainly in this view, but the enthusiasm is healthful and legitimate; nor does it lack the fellowship and warrant of sound reason and judgment. There is not an incident in all British history during the years covered by Milton's life, which does not borrow interest from the fact that it transpired while he could be witness to it, or could be affected by it. Nor was there a single contemporary of his on the stage, from the monarchs who successively sat on the throne to the humblest loiterers through the streets or fields of England, of whom we should be unconcerned to learn whatever they can teach us about life while he and they were sharing it together. Very

often, as we have been reading the diaries or other papers of such contemporaries, we have been conscious of the hope that they might make mention of him, tell us of an interview with him, or that they had sight of him, and multiply the rays which stream from and to the focus of our admiration.

It is a great thing, indeed, that any one of our race, owing nothing to factitious circumstances, furnishing in fact within the compass of his own nature all that marks him as a man among men, should be held entitled to the central place in the backward perspective of history. Is Milton entitled to such intellectual homage? Does he really live that universal life in the consciousness and in the responses of cultivated minds? The question hardly admits of more than one answer. How strange, then, that he should need another biographer!—may be the suggestion of some readers. But has he ever had even one biographer? The list of attempted biographies of him is indeed long, and when written out seems formidable. Beginning with the memorials of him prepared by his acquaintance Aubrey, and his nephew Philips, the list includes the names of Toland, Fenton, Richardson, Birch, Newton, Johnson, Hayley, Todd, Symmons, Mitford, and Warton. The most extended series of writers, perhaps, that ever proposed to search out the incidents and to criticise the character of the life of a literary man, it certainly has been most meagre in the sum of its revelations to us. Johnson's *Life*, probably the one which has been most read, is rather a revelation of his own splenetic distempers and prejudices, than in any sense a portraiture of his subject. It is still chiefly to the references which Milton makes to himself, in his *Introduction to the Second Book of the Reason of Church Government*, where he traces the course of his early studies, in his *Apology for Smectymnuus*, and in his *Defensio Secunda*, that we are indebted for our best knowledge even of the incidents of his life. These personal disclosures were of the nature of self-vindication against the calumnies which assailed him. They must always furnish the text for all future attempts at his biography.

Mr. Masson, therefore, has undertaken the most complex and comprehensive memoir that has ever been offered as a

tribute to the fame of genius or literary service. Nor is it as an idolater of Milton, but with many tokens of a most discriminating judgment, that he has given to his subject the toil of years and the enthusiasm of his own scholarly devotion. We are certain that, if he shall bring his labor to a close, it will be crowned with a careful and guarded estimate in which all fair abatements shall be allowed, while the genius and the grandeur of Milton shall be made to strike the thought of men with a self-attesting witness needing no pleading for its warrant. There are reasons, strong ones, why literature exacts a new biography of Milton; and the one which Mr. Masson proposes, and so far has nobly executed, is the sort of one which is needed, — a biography which presents him in the light of his own times, — *as a light of his own times*. Knowing him, we shall know better the age in which he lived, and the men who lived with him.

There are several obscure points in the life of Milton, of actual or relative importance, which require to be cleared up; and if the means still exist for throwing light upon them, Mr. Masson will reveal them. There are incidents in his personal experience, family details, social and domestic matters, the most trivial of which will help to explain a few of them which are of a rather serious nature. With the single exception of charges brought against Milton for the severity of his invective as a polemical writer, everything that looks like an imputation upon him has found its presumed justification in what is said to have occurred under his private roof. Indeed, the proceedings instituted under an examination of witnesses in reference to his nuncupative will, are the sole source of the disagreeable traditions attached to his private life. We fear that Mr. Masson will not wholly clear away the shade which settles over our conceptions of his home, when he had a home of his own. Yet the infelicities of his domestic life are not only to be explained, but also to be allowed for. What part of blame he had in them is to us of but little interest compared with what he suffered through them. How stern and tormenting to him must those infelicities have been! With as lofty an ideal of the charm and glory of a true woman — helpmeet equal, fond companion and solace of man — as ever thrilled

the heart of poet, saint, or sage,—with the fondest conception of the daily content and joy of a truly mated life,—how sharp to him were the bitter disappointments of the reality in his experience. He had in succession three wedded partners. Over the first, in no elegiac strain, he wrote of the misery of a man who “finds himself bound fast to an uncomplying discord of nature, an image of earth and phlegm.” The second partner was evidently his love and joy, true mate in soul; but death severed them after fifteen months of union. His whole experience of wedded life up to that point, comparing his ideal with realities, seems to be intimated in the dream or vision of the departed loved one which he cast into that sweet sonnet:—

“Methought I saw my late espoused saint

Came, vested all in white, pure as her mind :  
Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight  
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined  
So clear, as in no face with more delight ;  
But oh ! as to embrace me she inclined,  
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.”

Some ten years before his death, retired and straitened in circumstances and blind, a third partner was “recommended” to him by his friend, Dr. Paget, who thus provided for Milton and for a poor relative of his own. With this lady, thirty years younger than himself, he would appear to have enjoyed what was left of the poetry of his domestic visions. In the proceedings about his will a charge of “uxoriousness” is alleged against him. A not unpleasant picture is painted by the testimony of one witness, who deposed that, about two months before the poet’s death, he had seen him at dinner with his wife in their kitchen. She “having provided something for the deceased’s dinner which he very well liked,” the blind poet said, “God have mercy, Betty, I see thou wilt perform according to thy promise in providing me such dishes as I think fit whilst I live, and when I die thou knowest that I have left thee all.”

Milton experienced all through his life, in all his relations, public and private, the heartache and the sorrow which visit their sharp inflictions on all who seek great things,—all whose



visions are of what might be as of what ought to be here below, and who live upon the loftier elements of thought and desire. That is a sad but a true sentence of Goethe's which tells us that "the common burden of humanity which we have all to bear, more or less, must lie heaviest upon those whose mental powers are the earliest and the most widely unfolded." The sentiment, in fact, is but a repetition of Solomon's, "In much wisdom is much grief, and he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow." Milton, like most of those who combine both the saintlier and the sterner elements of character, bore uncomplainingly all providential trials, but writhed under the needless frets and vexations of a disharmonized state of sublunary things, social, civil, and domestic. Not a murmur, not a lament even, do all his writings furnish over his blindness. When taunted with it as a retributive chastisement for youthful sin, how fervently does he appeal: "I have accurately examined my conduct and scrutinized my soul. I call thee, O God, the Searcher of hearts, to witness, that I am not conscious, either in the more early or in the later periods of my life, of having committed any enormity which might deservedly have marked me out as a fit object for such a calamitous visitation." How heroic, too, is the strength of this boast: "It is not so wretched a thing to be blind, as it is not to be capable of enduring blindness." He could muse over the names and fortunes of many of the great and good, from whom God had taken sight without giving to all of them sweet song: Homer, Teiresias the Theban soothsayer, Timoleon of Corinth, Appius Claudius, Cæcilius Metellus, Dandolo of Venice, the theologian Jerome Zanchius, and the philosopher Galileo, — with the last of whom Milton, in one of his visits to Florence, had had sweet and high converse.

As to the severity of invective in Milton's polemics, the almost viperous acerbity of his venom and satire, which makes us see his victims writhe and him enjoy their writhings, — these too need that he should be viewed through his times; and anything that shall relieve them for a judging world must be found in the tone and temper of his age, the personalities of his opponents, and the occasions for holy hate, even in saint or sage.

There are sentences in his works which would be vulgar, obscene, blasphemous, if found in any other connection than just that in which he utters them. When his adversaries retort by suggesting to him the greater might of meekness, he replies, "As in teaching doubtless the spirit of meekness is most powerful, so are the meek only fit persons to be taught." To the charge of mocking over the woes of the decapitated monarch, he replies, "I did not insult over fallen majesty, as is pretended; I only preferred Queen Truth to King Charles." Often is there a poetic grace even in his most withering sarcasms, as when he calls the rapacious clerical pluralists of his time, "those money-changers of the Temple, who do not merely truckle with doves, but with the Dove itself, — with the Spirit of the Most High." He tells us that he assumed his lofty tone in the championship of civil and religious liberty, because he had Europe for an audience. "In a cause so great and glorious, and particularly on an occasion when I am called by the general suffrage to defend the very defenders of that cause, I can hardly refrain from assuming a more lofty and swelling tone than the simplicity of an exordium may seem to justify. I am about to address the whole collective body of people, cities, states, and councils of the wise and eminent, through the wide expanse of anxious and listening Europe." Nor will Milton have his due meed of praise, nor a fair allowance for what may have proved visionary in his theories, till he is regarded as he should be, as a pioneer, a discoverer, an independent theorist in his own great views, rather than as indebted to the results of earlier speculation. Plato's vision of a republic, as it did not mislead, so neither did it greatly help him. He had for his training, it is true, the works of the slandered Machiavelli and of Fra Paolo Sarpi, the History of Florence, the Discourses on Livy, the History of the Council of Trent, and The Rights of Sovereigns and Subjects. But some of the profoundest and truest of Milton's views are original, if not in thought, yet in utterance, with himself. What wisdom is there in this sentence: "Laws are usually worse in proportion as they are more numerous." On the whole, it must be allowed of Milton, as Clarendon says of his master, Cromwell, that he was one of those, "*quos vituperare ne inimici quidem possunt, nisi ut simul laudent.*"

And for piety in its most revering and enthralling sway, where shall we find a higher human testimony than that of Milton? Familiar in habit and in soul must he have been with "devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and send out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases." It is one of the remarkable coincidences of literary history, that, after Milton's heretical treatise on Christian doctrine had been hidden from the light in its original manuscript for some hundred and fifty years, it should have found a translator and editor in a Bishop of the Church of England.

We have hinted at reasons enough why a real biography of Milton is needed. We have said enough, too, to indicate that his character and career and mental productions require, above those of most other men, to be illustrated by the study of his times, by a knowledge of his contemporaries, and by a most intimate and keen-sighted acquaintance with all the circumstances with which he had even the most remote connection. Such precisely is Professor Masson's plan in the volume before us, into the method and substance of which we now ask our readers to follow us.

The author begins his work in the spirit, and after the method, in which he promises to pursue it to its close. Patient of dry research and of most elaborate investigation, he resolves to find his reward for all his toil in any discovery of fact or incident which shall have even the most attenuated tie of relation to Milton. And wherever his skill fails to trace any such tie, he means to content himself and his readers with the incidental information gained from his gleanings.

He reproduces for us Bread Street, in London, and the house in which Milton first saw the light of life, on December 9, 1608. The great fire did not so effectually obliterate the lines of streets and the sites of dwellings as to render this process of descriptive restoration impossible. The poet's father had occupied this house some half-dozen years, in the honorable and probably lucrative profession of a scrivener, — answering substantially to the functions of a modern notary, conveyancer, and writer of legal contracts, and perhaps including the loan-

ing of money. Dwellings in those days were not numbered, but were distinguished by signs and emblems,—a spread eagle marking Mr. Milton's abode, and serving also as the family crest. The poet himself tells us that he came of an "honest stock,"—but Mr. Masson, though he perplexes the conclusions of some former biographers, is not very successful in tracing the pedigree of the Oxfordshire grandfather. It is known that he was a zealous Roman Catholic, and that after sending his son, the poet's father, to Oxford, he withdrew him before the completion of his course, and disinherited him on account of his becoming a Protestant. This was the occasion of his choosing a business life in London, and he seems to have been so far successful as to have acquired sufficient property for his comfortable maintenance, for educating his children, for allowing the poet to pursue a leisurely life of study and to travel abroad as a gentleman, and to admit of his own retirement into the country in tranquil age. Thus it appears that the poet can lay claim to neither of the signal honors of ancestry in England,—the having come in with the Conqueror, or the having been ruined in the wars of the Roses. An elder sister—the mother of the Philippses—and a younger brother, quite unlike to John both in the gentler and in the sterner elements of his nature, made up with the parents the inmates of the poet's home. He has paid his tribute to the virtues of both his parents.

The scenes of life around the poet's childhood, and the incidents, private and public, which would make the first interests of thought and feeling to him, are next described and related by Mr. Masson with a fond minuteness. The population of London was then about 200,000. The bells of Bow Church hung so near that they might have fallen on the child's cradle. Their chimes must have furnished the first accompaniment to the music and poetry in his soul. We are told what sights he would see in his first walks in the street and its neighborhood. Close by his home was the Mermaid Tavern. Shakespeare, in his last visit to London, in 1614, walking down to the club-room with Ben Jonson, might have noticed the beautiful child of six years, gazing from the doorway or the lattice. Quaint old dwellings, strange and elaborate costumes,



phrases of speech while a transition was rapidly taking place in the forms of our language, — all these and much more we must imagine, as well as the gift for picturing fancies in the child's own furniture of being. Old St. Paul's, though the nave of it was a thoroughfare, was the finest piece of architecture near him.

The father was a gentle and a genial man, a musical composer and a writer of madrigals and such like. There is more will than skill in his versifications. A pleasant circle of friends gathered in his dwelling, where an organ and other musical instruments, the young poet listening, dreaming, and wondering, connected a rich delight with refining social scenes. Norwich and York tunes, as they stand in the old books of psalmody, were harmonized by the elder Milton. The family worshipped in the parish church of All Hallows, and here, at one period, the poet must have listened to the famous polyglot, Brian Walton. There were many incidents in court and state, in church and city life, to offer exciting and painful interest to the mind of the youth, whose maturer years were to enlist him so intensely in the great strifes then germinating in their seeds. Bartholomew Legate, for avowing the faith in which Milton was to rest, was burned at Smithfield when the poet was five years old.

His education, begun and always aided and complemented at home, was good, thorough, pure, and purifying. He was a poet at ten, and therefore at birth. A Scotch Puritan minister, afterwards of the Assembly of Divines, was Milton's private tutor, and "grounded him in Latin," — the word *grounded* meaning then just the opposite of its present meaning among college youth. Dean Colet's famous school, St. Paul's, had been founded nearly a century when Milton became a pupil of it, about 1620, in his twelfth year. Its masters, studies, and discipline furnish rich themes for our author's unwearied and keen investigations. Here and at home, Milton, with much other learning, acquired a knowledge of French and Italian, with something of Hebrew. We may be sure that he was a diligent reader of all the books in his mother tongue which were within his reach. Spenser and Sylvester and Shakespeare were his treasures. His translations of two

Psalms are the first tokens of what was in him. His school friendship with Diodati, and the marriage of his sister, having been related, we follow him to college.

He entered Christ College, Cambridge, as a pensioner, in February, 1625, being a little more than sixteen years of age, which was older than the average of the pupils. It is at this point in Mr. Masson's volume that all of his readers who do not share his enthusiasm, or are not reconciled to follow him in every stage of his method, will begin to falter in their attention, and to ask if it is feasible for them to skip over a certain number of pages. Some readers may do this and lose nothing of real interest to them. But all who wish to know of everything that met the eye, or entered into the soul, or trained the thought, heart, and mind of Milton, must keep loyally to the pages. The author overwhelms us with details; but if he could burrow so long and so deep to get them, our task is but light in scanning them. He has been at the pains to disinter all the fading and decaying records of university life. He tells us how it was administered and regulated, and what was its comparative condition and range of studies. He gives us the names, and what is of interest in the biographies, of the Heads and Fellows and Tutors of the Colleges. He explains to us the internal composition and the external relations of the University, the division of the terms for study, and its mode of discipline. He describes the lodging-rooms, and illustrates the intercourse between tutors and pupils. Then he wishes us to know the names of as many as possible of the companions, acquaintances, and contemporaries with whose physiognomies, characters, and aims the young Milton was to be familiar. Thus does our patient helper seek to present to us every influence from every quarter, which would stream into or stir the heart of a youth of so select a spirit, and mingle with the indraughts of knowledge from the storied page and the school of life. How rich and potent are the materials of this influence! How fair the scenes, how precious the hours, when they so gently incorporate themselves with the divine gift, — the receptive instinct in the human being! What a range is there for capacity, for taste, for the inbred affinities of the soul, as they absorb and assimilate the elements congenial with its own nature!

Tradition points out the chamber occupied by Milton. The most eminent of the Fellows of his College was Joseph Meade. But no one who was contemporary with Milton at the University fills a place like his on the roll of fame.

The death of James, and the accession of Charles, helped only to intensify the action of those warring principles which, we have always to remember, presented themselves to Milton during his whole life, as involving all that is precious or sacred for humanity in its broadest interest. Reports from the public field of agitation are curiously mixed up with the gossip of the University in a series of letters written by Meade, from Cambridge, to Sir Martin Stuteville, at Dalham. Meade received a weekly budget from London, from which he selected the racier matter, and this, spiced with additions of his own, answered the double purpose of newspaper and private correspondence to the Suffolk knight. The letters, preserved among the Harleian MSS., though they make no mention of Milton, do help to reproduce the circumstances and daily incidents amid which he was living.

Dr. Johnson was the first to put into definite shape the floating surmise of Milton's unpopularity among his college companions, — tutors and fellow-students, — and he plainly asserts that the young poet was the subject of corporal punishment for some unnamed offence. Mr. Masson makes every effort at a fair investigation of these charges, and, if he inclines to admit the substance of them, it is in a way not discreditable to Milton. Corporal punishment was then inflicted upon the younger scholars, and if Milton suffered it at all, it must have been during the first or the second year of his course. He evidently had some trouble at that time, caused by an altercation with his tutor. It would appear that he was punished by a temporary *rustication*, — a word strangely inappropriate in his case, as he seems to have spent the interval of his separation at home in the city of London. He returned, however, in season to retain his college rank, and, under a change of tutors, no further difficulties attended him. An occasional letter, a Latin elegy, and a poem on the death of an infant of his sister's, are choice fruits of his genius at this period.

In connection with the accession of young Milton to his Bachelor's degree, our author gives us a most elaborate account of the exercises at the annual Commencement. A royal visit, at a time when public affairs were thickening with dark portents, another visit from the Chancellor of the University, Lord Holland, and the French Ambassador, with an account of the performance of some trashy plays acted in the great hall of Trinity in honor of the visitors, fill up some pages of interest, because there is reason to believe that Milton was one of that portion of the audience or spectators who hissed the dramatic exercises.

The Christmas of 1629 is the date of the composition of Milton's magnificent Ode, or Hymn, On the Nativity,—whose gorgeous wealth of classical allusion, whose sweep of felicitous imagery and splendor of diction, express all that was grandest in the genius of the scholarly author. His poems on the Circumcision, and on Time, and the fragment on the Passion, date from the same period. The members of College were now scattered in every direction by a visit of the plague, and all studies and companionships were suspended. It must have been about this time, when Milton was at home, or perhaps on a visit to some friend in the country, that he wrote his epitaph on Shakespeare, which was prefixed, anonymously, to the second folio edition of the great dramatist, in 1632. On his return to Cambridge, he seems to have had some expectation of receiving a vacant Fellowship in his College; but the king's patronage secured it for a youth of eighteen years, Edward King, whose untimely death by shipwreck a few years subsequently drew forth that exquisite tribute from his supposed rival, in the monody of Lycidas. Hobson, the famous octogenarian *Carrier* of the University, who had probably often been the medium of Milton's messages and visits to and from London, had been among the victims of the plague during the interruption of the College exercises. He too had been compelled to suspend his road-tramps, and Death, "finding him so long at home," acted on the conclusion "that his journey's end was come." Milton gave the old carrier the benefit of two offerings from his Muse, which are rich in a rather sombre humor.



Some men whose names were to grow famous entered college the year in which Milton was to leave it; such as Crashaw the poet, Cudworth the philosopher, Pearson the expositor of the creed, and Henry More the Platonist. The name of the last mentioned always brings up to our memory an utterance of his, which can scarcely be matched in the grace and sweetness of its sentiment, and which far surpasses any thought of Dr. Hopkins about Disinterested Benevolence. More says: "If I am one of those who are predestined to hell, where all things are full of nothing but cursing and blasphemy, yet will I behave myself there patiently and submissively towards God; and if there be any one thing more than another that is acceptable to him, that will I set myself to do with a sincere heart, and to the utmost of my power; being certainly persuaded that, if I thus demeaned myself, he would hardly keep me long in that place."

Milton was one among more than two hundred Bachelors of Arts to graduate as Masters, in July, 1632. He then lacked four months of being twenty-four years old. In taking his second degree, he had to repeat the subscription of his signature to the Articles of the Church, which he had of course signed on receiving his Bachelor's degree. Our author recognizes the query which may arise in some minds as to the sincerity with which Milton could make this subscription, as it seems to be taken for granted that his conscience stood in the way of his father's desire and early purpose for him, that he should enter the Church. Probably then, as has ever since been the case, such subscription was made in a perfunctory way. As yet, Milton may have not formed any dissentient opinions, and, as we shall soon see, there were reasons enough to keep him from entering into "holy orders."

At this point Mr. Masson begins his close study of Milton's internal life, and the elements and qualities of his character. The scrutiny is keen, the analysis is philosophical, the appreciation is generous and well sustained. It is plain that the course of study and the method of discipline in the University were not congenial to Milton. He felt himself at war with them before he could understand how just and reasonable was his aversion to them; and when with a

maturer mind he looked back upon the "harsh and crabbed" processes, not of its *Divine*, but of its *human* philosophy, he realized why it was that, though industrious and zealous there beyond most of his compeers, he still had not been happy. It was an age of transition from the rigid scholastic method of mental training in the previous century; and the change had not as yet abandoned the dreary formulistic processes of logic, nor adopted any of the broad and generous intellectual stimulants of modern education. When Milton's polemical writings made him a mark for malignant opponents, the calumnies with which he was assailed fastened upon his college life to find material there, and, not finding it there, invented it. These slanders drew from him, only ten years after he had left college, some dignified and manly utterances of self-vindication. He boldly averred that in college he "found respect above any of his equals." His extensive and accurate learning, acquired without any of the facile helps of our own times, proves that he must have been diligent and studious to the utmost limit of physical endurance. His loved tasks, pursued always to the midnight hour, and by a poor flame, induced the weakness of vision which ended in blindness when he was forty-five years old. We know that the Cambridge academic system was then tortuous, dry, repressive to genius, irritating to all the finer instincts and longings of the higher nature. Milton received from it all the good, much or little, which it was in it to impart. He was not sacrificed to its mischievous experiments in making learning odious and profitless. It is not strange that, while faithful to its requisitions, he should have felt unexplained restlessness under it, and that, when he knew how to trust his own independent judgment, he should have criticised sharply what he had endured patiently. In the last year of his life, Milton furnished a publisher, from out of the carefully treasured repository to which, with faith in their worth, he seems to have committed everything that he had written, seven college exercises. They are in the Latin language, and were first printed for the purpose of thickening a pamphlet into a volume. These Mr. Masson has translated, and they form, with his comments, a most valuable auto-

biographic disclosure of Milton's mind at this period of its development. There are not many college students or graduates who could produce such exercises. We see in them the charm and the learning of a mind trained by classic study, tinged with the rich hues of fancy both sober and gay. They have all the Miltonic grandiosity of style, and all the independence of his self-assertion. They verify of him the sentence of Aubrey, that in his "beautiful and well-proportioned body" there was lodged "a harmonical and ingeniose soul."

Milton's characteristics were then well known to himself and to others. His own consciousness of them was accompanied by a pride of soul, a high inward complacency over all that stamped them as peculiar in his own personality. He maintained a deep and habitual seriousness, not acquired, because it was of nature, but indulged and fostered till it fixed the impress of a serene gravity on his beautiful features. That gravity, ministered to by grave tastes and by an ever-earnest meditation upon the "great work" which cast the horoscope of his destiny, redeemed the otherwise feminine softness of his countenance. His haughtiness was that of manhood. His youth and that manhood were fenced by purity. Beyond all question now by friend or enemy, he preserved the chastity of an unsullied soul and the innocence of an uncontaminated habit of feeling and living, at home and abroad. Mr. Masson is careful to remind us how the theory of the poetical temperament, and the tolerance of the "wild oats" license for youth, receive no warrant, but, on the contrary, a stout rebuke, from the example of Milton. He bore ever an erect soul, and never sought to repress, or even to disguise, his intense and self-assured consciousness of superiority to others. He meditated from early youth the consecration of his life by some "great work," without deciding to himself whether it should be wrought in letters or in deeds. And when his tastes and studies had revealed to him what that work must be that it might be the birth of his soul, he determined that it should not be deformed or vitiated through any physical circumstances of its generation. In a sentence which cannot be too often quoted, he writes, in 1642, after referring to his early life and juvenile studies: "And long it was not after when I

was confirmed in this opinion, that he who would not be frustrate of his hope to write well hereafter in laudable things, ought himself to be a true poem, that is, a composition and pattern of the best and honorablest things." And again he writes, in reply to a coarse reviler: "I am not one who ever disgraced beauty of sentiment by deformity of conduct, or the maxims of a freeman by the actions of a slave."

Milton, while in college, took note of his completion of his twenty-third year in a fine sonnet, which, in spite of Dr. Johnson, is not only "not bad," but also has in it poetry and beauty and kindling sentiment.

The question why, on the completion of his course, Milton did not comply with the intent of his father from his youth, by entering the Church, leads our author to write a chapter of nearly a hundred close-packed pages on the church and government of England at that day. Laud makes the central figure of this marvellously wrought tableau of scenes and persons. Not because of worth or talent is the prelate lifted into that prominence, but because of the real influence which he exercised. His place of power had been won by fortuitous circumstances, to the surprise of better and wiser men. But having place, he filled it with untiring zeal and with singleness of purpose. His mind and hand were everywhere through the realm. He had an idea, a scheme, a system, clearly developed, perfectly related in its parts, and persistently pursued so long as power was on the side which he served. Mr. Masson wishes his readers to know just what the Church then was in its theory and in its administration. He takes the word *Church* in its largest sweep, meaning the institutions and practices which set forth religion in an organic form, in its functions, and in all its methods. Indeed, the survey brings before us such a variety in the existing views and modes of religious belief and administration, that some readers may think our author overshoots his mark; and, instead of proving that the Church offered no attractive field for Milton, may leave them wondering why he, among the promiscuous company not only of timeservers and formalists, but of men also of lofty piety, free faith, and godly zeal, that did enter the Church, should have felt himself repelled. Our own solution



is, that Milton did virtually enter the Church, not as preacher or pastor in a professional sense, but as one of the very chief priests of its mysteries, a divine, a theologian, a minister of the Word, because his studies and his heart were there. Ten years after leaving College, referring to the intentions of his parents and his own early resolutions, he says: "Coming to some maturity of years, and perceiving what tyranny had invaded in the Church, — that he who would take orders must subscribe slave, and take an oath withal, which, unless he took with a conscience that would retch, he must either perjure or split his faith, — I thought it better to prefer a blameless silence before the sacred office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing. Howsoever thus Church-outed by the prelates, hence may appear the right I have to meddle in these matters as before the necessity and constraint appeared."

England had then a population of about five millions, all of whom nominally and legally were members of the Established Church. Perhaps a fifth part of the people were "Papists." Other actual Separatists were but few, because most of the real Puritans were still more or less in communion with the Establishment, whose arrested and retrograde Reformation they were still seeking to carry on in consistency with its first principles. The strict Church party, being lax or Arminian in doctrine, sympathized with the Romanists in hatred of Puritanism, and rigid canons were provided to prevent its preaching and its practices. The mild Archbishop Abbot, favoring the religious rather than the ecclesiastical party, did not love the temper of the times, and being virtually in retirement, the Lord Keeper, Bishop Williams, having large influence, might have used it for moderation, had not the rising zeal of Laud, in his London bishopric, turned to his hands the direction of the central power. The character and aims of Laud are presented with judicial fidelity and with rare skill in the pages before us. The "little red-faced man," the victim of small, mean superstitions, and the hero of little projects, has all the good said of him that honesty will allow. His project was to reduce all the externals of public worship to a mechanical precision of uniformity. The outside, not the inside, work of piety engaged his heart. A table-altar set by the compass

and guarded by a rail, and crowned with candles, cross, and empty vessels; postures of bowing and of backing; costumes and gestures; a kind of upholstery and millinery religion, all culminating in a consecration service, — such were his idols of the cave. He was determined that the Book of Sports should be read and the games and merriments which it announced should be practised on Sunday afternoons, in spite of the prick-eared Puritans. Laud's cant phrase for expressing the sum and intent of his schemes was that he might establish "the beauty of holiness." The sharp sarcasm and irony and scorn of Milton's pen, when inveighing against this grown-up babyism in religion, hardly need an apology as we call before us the Primate of all England leading off his under-shepherds like Ephraim of old, "given to idols." Laud watched with care for every occasion and opportunity to advance his pet schemes. As ecclesiastical or even civil offices were vacated, he sought to fill them with men of his own gauge of soul, and he required reports from all the bishops embracing answers to questions which ran into every detail and triviality of clerical functions. Mr. Masson gives us a complete list of all the bishops in both the provinces of the Church, and distinguishes the spirit of each of them as Laudian or Puritanical. Fearing the list of grievances which a Parliament would have obtruded upon him before listening to his piteous call for pecuniary subsidies, the king was resolved to rule without Parliaments, and to extort money by oppressive exercises of his prerogative. The iniquitous Courts of the Star-Chamber and the High Commission were harrowing the soul of every prominent man in the realm whose spirit was free, and were "sifting the wheat of three kingdoms" to furnish the choice seed for planting in this New England wilderness. While the king thus ruled through what was then called the Privy Council, Laud stretched his sway over the Universities, and sought to control all their places and emoluments. Still the Church found some meek and faithful servants, and our author seeks to do justice to all its prominent leaders and pastors who aimed for moderation and exhibited true devotion in her service. Milton might have found — doubtless he did find — many congenial spirits within her pale, and serving lovingly at her altars. It was at this

period that the delicate, fastidious, and "gentlemanly" George Herbert yielded the bent of nature and of aristocratic training to become priest and pastor. Milton might easily have slipped into the Church, had he been the man to "slip in" anywhere. A sketch of the condition and administration of the Irish Church under the primacy of Ussher, and of the Scotch Church which was heating up for the strife that was coming, followed by a brief reference to the foreign chaplaincies, — in which ministers might be more free in their office than at home, — and a recognition of the "Colonial Church," — the highly complimentary title given to the congregations then rising in New England forests, — completes this chapter. On closing it, we repeat what we said before, that the very variety and range of opportunities which it presents, show that Milton might have found a place for every faculty of mind and soul which he possessed, and would have proved the impulses of his own free spirit had he entered within this troubled fold of the Zion of his day. We conclude, therefore, that he kept out of it only that he might exercise over it and in it a more potent sway.

The next chapter of the solid volume before us pursues, through more than a hundred pages, a survey of the contemporary British literature. This is quite a prime essential in our author's scheme. He wishes us to have in view all the circumstances and elements and materials of the literary life of Milton's time. He shows us what influences then reigned in the sphere of mental activity, what was the taste, the predilection, or fashion of the times, what were the models to be followed or shunned, and what encouragement there was of profit, fame, or pleasure for labor with mind and pen. He begins with the kingship of Ben Jonson, — "the huge, unwieldy veteran, weighing twenty stones all but two pounds, with gray hair, and a visage, never of captivating beauty, now scarred and seamed and blotched into a sight among ten thousand." This corpulent mass is self-described in the line,

"My mountain belly and my rocky face."

Authors, especially those of the poetical tribe, then held close intimacies with men of rank, and shared their familiarity and

their patronage. In the tavern in London which presumed to take to itself the name of the author of all mischief, and to swing out a sign showing how St. Dunstan twinged the nose of the Devil, Ben Jonson had his throne in the famous Apollo room, and hence he dispensed his decrees. Our author therefore begins with the line of play-writers, who were now pursuing their dramatic arts with a new relish and with a keener zeal because of the scornful indignity which Counsellor Prynne had visited upon them in his *Histrio-Mastix*. In sketching the record of the non-dramatic poets, Mr. Masson gives us a very intelligible explanation of the allegorical conceit or ideal personification which runs through the pastoral poetry. The shepherds and shepherdesses of the time are a very mystifying race, neither Bucolic nor really Arcadian, and we are glad to have our author's lucid account of them. After a brief reference to the philosophical poets and the Latin versifiers, we come to the prose-writers of the time. The first half of the seventeenth century marks the learned age of Europe. Profound and thorough scholarship could then show many proficients, and shallowness did not venture to obtrude itself. Some sentences culled from the learned Selden show that free-thinking had reached far into the heart of things. Ussher and Speed and Cotton and Burton were largely read in book lore. The last has furnished in his one book — the *Anatomy of Melancholy* — the mine from which many writers besides Sterne in his *Tristram Shandy*, have stolen their learning and their wit. The Falkland set, so called, was a brotherhood of the Latitudinarians of the time, embracing such men as Hyde, after Earl of Clarendon, Sir Lucius Carey, Sydney Godolphin, Edmund Waller, Drs. Sheldon, Morley, and Earle, Sir Henry Wotton, Chillingworth, and the memorable Hales of Eton. Then there was Robert Fludd, the Paracelsian and Rosicrucian theosophist, and Lord Herbert, the rationalist and eldest brother of the poet. A weekly news-sheet was the forerunner of the daily newspaper. Tracts and pamphlets of a controversial cast abounded. The phenomenon of the day, even before he was so barbarously mutilated, was William Prynne, — the man "of a strange, saturnine complexion, and the countenance of a witch." "His manner of



study was this : he wore a long quilt cap, which came two or three inches at least over his eyes, which served him as an umbrella to defend his eyes from the light. About every three hours his man was to bring him a roll and a pot of ale, to refocillate his wasted spirits : so he studied and drank and munched some bread ; and this maintained him till night, and then he made a good supper."

The laws of the book-trade are set forth by Mr. Masson from the abundant authorities of the time, and the rivalry between the Stationers' Company and the Universities furnishes an interesting point of notice in the matter of privilege or monopoly in printing. Laud looked carefully after the censorship. Our author even takes the pains to copy, from the records of Stationers' Hall, the register of all the publications for the half-year from July to December, 1632. The daily average of publications in London now is fourteen. In 1630, there were about three books published in each week. A diligent reader might then peruse every new book from the press. Such then was the aliment and the stimulant for mental craving and for intellectual exercise which were ready for the use of Milton. His aim was to accomplish something of a higher tone and spirit than most of the matter at his hand had reached. He had a lofty conception of the functions and the responsibility of the literary life. "There were parts of his nature in pre-established harmony with the national revolution then approaching." As a poet, his sympathies were with the Spenserians. But when he should come to write, he would invoke all the Muses for aid in a secular theme, and a Spirit that had a diviner gift to bestow when he essayed "things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme."

The next chapter covers the period of Milton's life from July, 1632, to April, 1638. This was a fair and fruitful interval. On that space of nearly six years a lover of the poet's genius dwells with the full sympathy of a fond admiration ; and had his life closed with it, detraction would have found no material in his earthly course, nor would his own character have been put to the trial that engendered rancor in others and in himself. He was then amid scenes and pursuits congenial with his soul, content and calm. How radiant must

have been his presence, how pure his joy, how innocent his musings, how devout his thought! His father had sought retirement in his old age, with a competence, in the village of Horton, eighteen miles west from London. Already, as the still self-asserting youth tells us in 1632, it had been "found that, whether aught was imposed upon me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of my own choice, in English or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly this latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live." Those vital signs are in the matter still. His father had therefore consented that he might give himself to a literary life. "At my father's country residence, I, with every advantage of leisure, spent a complete holiday, in turning over the Greek and Latin writers; not but that sometimes I exchanged the country for the town, either for the purpose of buying books, or for that of learning something new, in mathematics or in music, in which sciences I then delighted." Horton has the average charms and advantages of the smaller class of English villages. Mr. Masson tries his skill at restoration upon old landmarks and the sites of dwellings. But the home of Milton has vanished. The roads and lanes and by-paths, and the fixed features of nature, are there; — abundant water-courses, the ivy-clad church, the rural labors of the yeomen, are the constant memorials of days gone by. Here Milton walked and dreamed and aspired. Here he studied books and "images of rural nature." Here he loitered on his daily paths to greet the simple village folk, and to learn some portions, often the best, of that human science, that heart wisdom, which the Universities do not unlock. Here was his golden season of life. Had he a presentiment that what he would cull and store within through his eyes of the aspects of nature — in grass and flower, cloud and mist, storm and calm, in the faces of men and women, in the glories of this grand spectacle of earthly shapes and starry splendors — must all be gathered now? What he gazed upon now was to be the food of his memory for years to come, and was to furnish him, not with laments over an extinguished light, but with fashionings of a glory yet to be revealed. When it should come to pass that those visual orbs,

" Though clear  
To outward view of blemish or of spot,  
Bereft of light, their seeing quite forgot,"

those happy years at Horton would reproduce their visions.

A few hours' walk, relieved perhaps by a friendly traveller in one of the heavy vehicles of those days, would take Milton on occasional visits to London, where his sister or brother might offer him their hospitalities. Here he would be sure, with a new zest caught from contrast with rural repose, to watch all the signs of an issue which was soon to call him into the thick of the strife. He would linger around the book-marts, and his eye would be quick at catching at their treasures. He would take a lesson in mathematics, and wait upon his two friends, the brothers Lawes, to gain whatever skill art could afford to enrich the gift of music which he had from nature. He pursued his studies in Greek, Latin, and Italian with a zeal clearly apparent in the mastery which he acquired over those tongues.

It was at Horton that Milton, besides his Sonnet to the Nightingale, and some beautiful letters to friends, composed his *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, his *Arcades* and *Comus*, and his *Lycidas*. Mr. Masson is brief and judicious in his comments on these treasures of our English tongue. Indeed, what room is there for comment, what occasion either for it, on the first two of these pieces? What is it short of an impertinence for any one to scatter a weak dilution of his own fancy over these perfected inspirations of a transcendent genius? The super-erogatory labors of Warton and Todd have distributed every phrase, every collocation of words, each epithet, metaphor, and conceit, in these two poems, among all other writers whose works Milton may or may not have read, professing thus to find parallelisms of topic, thought, and expression. As if Milton had pilfered the materials of a mosaic-work of plagiarism out of his memory or his library, instead of polishing a gem from his own bright casket! These commentators give us more of such alleged parallelisms than there are lines in the pieces. Of course Milton was indebted to the dictionary and to his mother tongue; as for the rest, he knew how to marry fit words to his own thoughts. Whoever has laid up

these two poems in his memory has a companionship for the changing moods of his heart, as he meets the contrasts of a mortal lot, and sings or sighs over the incidents of his way.

Our author introduces the Arcades and the Comus by a very exhaustive account of the masque, and its performance at court revels. He explains to us, as well as is possible, the hard conceits and the far-fetched personifications that enter into its allegorical structure. The barristers and counsellors of the London Inns of Court sought to wipe out the offence caused by their austere brother Prynne, and they had got up a masque of the most intricate character, which, we must confess, seems in the description to have been most inane, and in all but its pageantry wearisome. Then we have the family histories of the Countess Dowager of Derby, and of the Earl of Bridgewater, at whose seats, at Harefield and at Ludlow Castle, Milton's two exquisite compositions made the entertainment. His aid was probably invoked by his friend Lawes, who set the pieces to music.

In 1635, Milton was "incorporated" as Master of Arts at Oxford, which fact suggests the idea of acquaintances and visits occasionally made there during this genial period of his life. His mother died at Horton, in April, 1637, and it would appear that then, or soon after, his brother Christopher and his wife became inmates of the paternal dwelling. The shipwreck of Edward King, before mentioned in connection with Milton's college life, drew forth tender panegyrics from a large circle of his admiring friends; but Milton's own tribute is worth them all. A collection of these pieces was published in Cambridge, in two parts, the first containing twenty-three, in Latin and Greek; the second containing thirteen, in English. Milton's manuscript of his *Lycidas*, preserved at Cambridge, shows with what fond care he wrought its sweet rhythms of lamentation.

Before closing this chapter, Mr. Masson gathers up the threads of his narrative of the affairs and condition of Church and State through the whole realm during the period which it covers. The king pursued his method of absolute rule, or *Thorough*. Laud superintended personally the working of his own plans in England; in Ireland, Wentworth was his faith-



ful ally; and he sought to carry on his mad enterprise in Scotland by letters sent through a sixpenny post. Charles tried his ingenuity in his shifts for raising money illegally. The Sabbatarian Controversy, and the Altar Controversy, and the efforts of Laud to break up the Dutch and Walloon congregations or conventicles of Protestants, kept adding new elements of discord to the now smouldering heat which was so soon to burst in the flames of civil war. Especially vigorous and racy is our author's continuance of his sketch of the state of affairs in Scotland. Charles's visit and coronation there answered no end of peace. The attempt to introduce the Canons and the Service-Book of Episcopacy — "Popish in its frame and forms" — drove the people to attach their names to the Covenant; while frequent meetings with popular harangues nerved those who signed it to be ready to die for it.

Having thus laid out his ground as the field in which Milton was soon to do his part, Mr. Masson devotes his concluding chapter to Milton's Continental journey, which, indefinite as to its proposed length, was abruptly arrested in its progress by the lowering aspect of affairs at home. Through the kind offices of Mr. Hales, and by the publication of his *Comus*, Milton was brought into acquaintance with his neighbor, at Eton, Sir Henry Wotton. A letter from him, expressing a desire that there might have been a friendly intimacy between them, furnishes Milton with some valuable aid for making his proposed tour. His father generously provides the means for himself and his servant. He leaves his home in April, 1638.

Pursuing still the same comprehensive and exhaustive method, Mr. Masson wishes his readers to know what is most interesting about the condition of the Continent at the time of Milton's visit. The poet's manhood ran parallel with that series of struggles known collectively as the Thirty Years' War, — hopefully designated by historians as the last religious war of Europe. Beginning in the insurrection of the Bohemian Protestants, it extended through the whole German confederacy, and involved every nation of Christendom in its protracted disasters. Divided into several stages in its progress, as new parties became prime actors in it, its periods may be designated as the Palatine War, the Danish, the Swedish, and

the French Wars, the last closing with the Peace of Westphalia, in 1648. It was during its French period that Milton was abroad. Mr. Masson is at the pains to give us the state and position of each country and government on the Continent. The relations of England to them during the whole time of turmoil were far from respectable. With no consistent principles to follow, no loyalty to high truths then in peril, temporizing, inconstant, and venal, English statesmen subjected the pride of high-souled men to humiliating disappointments and mortifications. Her ambassadors at foreign courts were compelled to truckle and trim, as new complications arose. Her diplomatic papers of the period probably contain secrets as yet unrevealed, but needful still to the impartial integrity of history. She had two ambassadors at Paris, who were compelled to keep up a daily correspondence filled with the gossip from which Mr. Masson gleans but little that has in it anything that looks like a true statesman's wisdom.

We have no itinerary of Milton's journey, but he has given us hints enough to enable us to follow his course. Wotton's letter introduced him to one of the ambassadors at Paris, who probably did him his kindest service in making him known to Grotius, then ambassador from the queen of Sweden to the French king. That great and good man was then engaged in a scheme for the union of the Protestant churches of Sweden, Denmark, Norway, and England, and had sought in vain to enlist Laud in the object. That prelate gave the scheme but a cold notice.

As Milton entered upon the old realms of romance and history, the high dreams of his scholarly youth must have grown into forms of reality to him. Then it was that every hour he had given to faithful study turned into some joy of travel. He was fully prepared to relish and improve the free intercourse which the courtesies of learning then opened between each of her votaries and the companies of educated and refined men, especially in Italy. As Milton has transcribed the names of several of the cultivated persons with whom he was brought into intimate friendship even during his transient stay in Florence, Rome, and Naples, after he had reached the first-

named city, through Nice, Genoa, and Leghorn, Mr. Masson follows up these names with large comments. He gives an account of the innumerable Italian academies, with sketches of their more distinguished members, and their objects and proceedings. During his stay of two months in Florence and Rome, both on his way to Naples and on his return, while careful to study the scenes and antiquities of each city, Milton gave himself up to the enjoyment of the literary and scientific hospitalities so freely offered to him by friends. They exchanged complimentary epigrams of mutual admiration most lavishly with each other, and Milton gave and received his full share. In Rome he found intense delight; for, in spite of the ecclesiasticism which centred there, its multitudes of men of taste and letters prided themselves upon the comities of cosmopolitan liberality and generous patronage. Lukas Holsten, Librarian of the Vatican, took Milton to the treasures under his care, and received from him a grateful tribute. The poet, charmed with the singing of Leonora Baroni, — who is said to have never since been surpassed in her skill and perfection in art, — wrote three epigrams to her in the enthusiasm of his admiration. At Naples he was taken in charge by that cherished patron of art, poetry, and learning, Manso, Marquis of Villa, the friend and biographer of Tasso and Marini. Manso signified to him that he would be glad to add largely to the service and attention which he showed him, but could not, “because I would not be more close in the matter of religion.” This matter of religion was one upon which Milton had determined from the first to follow in his travels this principle, — that he would never introduce his Protestantism among Romanists, but that if they opened the subject he would be undisguised and loyal to his convictions, standing for them in avowal and argument. He held to his principle, and though warned by some English merchants at Naples that the Jesuits at Rome had plotted against him in case he should venture to return that way, he trustfully repeated his visit, and met no harm. His plan of travel had included a visit to Sicily and Greece. We have in his own words the reason which arrested him in his course: “While I was desirous to cross into Sicily and Greece, the sad news of civil war coming from England

called me back ; for I considered it disgraceful that, while my fellow-countrymen were fighting at home for liberty, I should be travelling abroad at ease for intellectual purposes." The alarm proved to be premature, but not essentially false. Turning eastward from Florence, he made a short visit to Venice. Here he availed himself of an opportunity to ship homeward some of the bookish treasures which he had gathered on his way. Among the friendly memorials which he greatly prized, were two richly engraven cups, a gift from Manso. His Italian Sonnets are probably to be referred to this time. Passing through Geneva he enjoyed a brief intercourse with the famous John Diodati, Spanheim, and other eminent Protestants, and reached his native shore after an absence of a year and three months. He brought back with him unstained the purity of morals which he had preserved from youth. We are indebted, as before, to the reckless insinuations of a baffled maligner of Milton, for the avowal drawn forth from his own pen in self-defence: "I again take God to witness, that in all those places where so many things are considered lawful, I lived sound and untouched from all profligacy and vice, having this thought perpetually with me, that, though I might escape the eyes of men, I certainly could not the eyes of God."

With this sentence Professor Masson fitly closes his volume. He has laid in it, deep and solid, the foundations for the superstructure of Milton's true life and activity. To an attentive reader the author's plan of three volumes for the three distinct periods of Milton's career is an actual necessity in the production of his biography. Those three periods are marked and distinguished by his works, and by phases of his character. His writings are coursed by three veins of organic affinity with his stages of development, culture, and public employment. The productions of his early years, until he left college, are freighted with the learning of the young student, and characterized by the solemn introspectiveness of a reserved and high-toned life. The influences of rural repose and serenity have passed into the sweet pastoral pieces wrought out amid the natural loveliness of Horton, and its learned leisure irradiated by musical pastimes. The polemic treatises of his ripe manhood have the sternness and vehemence of a soul aroused



for the vindication of dishonored truths. His last works, the fruits of a broken repose and an anxious seclusion, with some sad retrospects and some bleeding wounds of heart, unite the characteristics of all his previous productions.

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ART. VI.—BUNSEN ON CHANNING.

*Gott in der Geschichte, oder der Fortschritt des Glaubens an eine sittliche Weltordnung.* Von CHRISTIAN CARL JOSIAS BUNSEN. In sechs Büchern. Dritter Theil. Fünftes und sechstes Buch. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1858.

SINCE the publication of the last number of this journal, we have received the third part, comprising the fifth and sixth books, of Bunsen's *God in History*, of which the first and second parts were duly noticed, as they appeared, in our reviews of current literature. The present volume embraces a survey of the history of Christianity, that is, of the spiritual, intellectual, and ecclesiastical history of the Christian world, as the last illustration of the general theme,—the Consciousness of God in the History of Mankind. This third part completes a work which we do not hesitate to pronounce the most thorough and scientific compend extant of the history of religion and religious ideas. It is more than that,—it is a rich magazine of literary, biographical, and historical facts; but chiefly it is a history of religion. The amazing industry of the author, who within the space of less than two years has found time to achieve a work like this in addition to his *Bibelwerk*,—a stupendous undertaking now in progress,—and other literary and official labors, is a marvel which reminds one more of the literary heroes of other days than of any recent phenomenon in the field of letters. Nor is the industry disproportioned to the erudition and philosophical insight in whose service it has wrought. The work stands there in its completeness, one of the richest contributions which this century has added to the world's treasury of thought and knowledge. A disgrace it will be to the literary character and book-trade, both of Great Britain and the United States, if within

a few years this work does not circulate in both countries in an English dress. The work of translation will be difficult, but ought, with the aid of an enterprising book-merchant, to remunerate the best talent and experience that either country can command for that service.

The sixth and last book of this volume, and of the work, is a summing up of the historical, religious, philosophical, and other results of the whole, with the consequences, scientific, political, pedagogic, &c., to be deduced therefrom. The preceding fifth book, which occupies the larger portion of the volume, has for its main topic, "The God-Consciousness of the Christian Arians." Under this general head, after important introductory matter, occupying nearly fifty pages, the first grand division is, "The God-Consciousness of the persecuted Communion of the Arians and their Prophets." The second is, "The God-Consciousness of the dominant priestly Church and her Prophets." The third is, "The God-Consciousness of the Christian Arians and their Prophets of the Presence of God in History since the Reformation." Of prophets "from the theological stand-point" named by Bunsen under this head, there are five,—Luther, Calvin, Jacob Boehme, Schleiermacher, Channing. To us the canon seems incomplete without the addition at least of Milton and of Swedenborg.

But what especially interests us in this enumeration is the name of Channing. The Christian Examiner need offer no apology for inserting here at full length the judgment passed by one of the greatest of living scholars and thinkers on the finest spirit that has ever illustrated its own pages,—the finest that has spoken within the domain of religion to this generation. Simultaneously with the destruction of one monument of the great departed,—the church edifice in which he ministered for so many years with apostolic simplicity and power,—arises this new monument in the writings of a kindred spirit over the seas, the noblest monument yet reared to him, next to his own works. Our readers will understand that Baron Bunsen is no Unitarian, but a member of the Orthodox Lutheran Church; the tribute, therefore, which we now translate into English, is as much a monument to the candor and liberality of the writer, as it is to the shining merits of its subject.

## CHANNING.

Channing, the citizen of New England, born 1780, preacher to a Unitarian congregation from 1803 until his death, 1842, is the prophet for the United States of the consciousness of God in humanity. He appeared as clergyman of a Unitarian communion, and declared himself, like Locke and like the great Newton, against the Athanasian conception of the Biblical doctrine of the Father, Son, and Spirit, as unbiblical and contrary to reason. But he was far from substituting an Arian formula of faith in the place of the ecclesiastical one. According to his intuition, dogmatics in general are a very imperfect expression of Biblical truths, and an inadequate representation of the revelation given in the Scripture. Christianity is divine life and the power of the Spirit in human society.\* The basis of Christian communion, according to him, is a living and efficient faith, manifesting itself in love to the brethren, and in a life of sacrifice to humanity; it is the filial relation to God, the root of true brotherhood among men. This doctrine he found throughout the Bible, but especially in the writings of the New Covenant, and above all in the Gospels. The Bible to him was the written word of divine revelation, not a dogmatic system, but presupposing religious and moral consciousness. In his endeavors to establish this thought, we must not expect to find in Channing either profound metaphysical speculation, or any remarkable acuteness of historical criticism in his interpretation of the Biblical books. But an almost infallible, sound common-sense, accompanied by the purest moral earnestness, animated with a burning desire for the furtherance of the divine in his own country and in humanity generally, and inspired by self-sacrificing love to his neighbor, is associated in him with a sober historical faith in the word of God contained in the Bible. His great significance, so far as the interpretation of the Bible is concerned, consists therefore in two points. The first is, that while he held fast unconditionally the principle of rational interpretation, he finds in the Scripture that regulative, fundamentally essential

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\* Literally, in the congregation of mankind.

religious import which the rationalizing Unitarians\* could recognize only incidentally and collaterally, and only within the limits of ordinary practical morality. The second is, that with him the great congregation of humanity, with its rational conscience, stands related to the Bible as the judge is related to the statute-book; and this congregation, in his view, is humanity, arranged according to law in families, nations, and states.

Inasmuch as Channing practically exemplified these principles to his own people by popular and fearless speech in word and writing, the significance of this personality for Christians of the English tongue cannot be sufficiently estimated. And hence it has come to pass that the man whom the elder Unitarians in the United States and in England regarded with distrust, whom Calvinists and Methodists abhorred, whom the friends and advocates of slavery feared and hated, even now, a few years after his death, as well on account of his moderation and sobriety as on account of his classical eloquence, which reminds one of the finest of the old models, is honored in all parts of his vast country as a great Christian character and man of the spirit; nay, even as a prophet of the Christian consciousness of the future. Assuredly he is destined to exert an increasing influence on the spiritual, theoretical conception, and the practical, earnest application of Christianity in the United States.†

Channing is an antique man, with a Christian heart; in humanity a Greek, in citizenship a Roman, in Christianity an apostle. It would be a misapprehension to conceive of him as a learned and speculative theologian. Had he been so, he would have known how to unite the ideas of redemption and

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\* This is true, we think, only of Unitarians of the Belsham and Wakefield type, now no longer extant. — Eds.

† I have had before me in these remarks the thirteenth edition of Channing's Works, Boston and New York, 1854. The reader will find a spirited narrative of the life of this great and good man in the "*Œuvres Sociales de Channing*" (Paris, 1854), by M. Edouard Laboulaye, which was followed, in 1855, by the treatise "*De l'Esclavage*," and, in 1857, by the first part of the "*Traité Religieux*." A genial English lady has given an excellent representation of the man in French (Paris, 1857), with an introduction by Charles de Rémusat. The German translation of his works (in twelve small volumes), by Schulze and *Prediger* Sydow (Berlin, 1851), has deservedly found a generally favorable reception, and has been diffused through many circles.



atonement, and to conceive and represent his Christ as the Redeemer in his divine sublimity and singularity,—a yet unsatisfied want of the Unitarian congregations in England and the United States, and perhaps the cause of their languescence.

Accordingly, we are not to expect from this prophet of the presence of God in humanity a scientific solution of the problem. But the consciousness of that Divine presence radiates from him whenever he touches the actual, not only through his incorruptible love of truth and his moral courage, but also through his God-filled treatment of his theme. Thereto belongs, above all, his conception of religion as a personal concern, and his founding of all education on the consciousness of personal moral accountableness.

His conviction of the necessity of a progressive reformation by demolition of the wall of division between the spiritual and the worldly, by enforcement of the claims of religion, and consequent enhancement of its moral earnestness and import, he expresses eloquently in his remarkable sermon on *Spiritual Freedom*, 1830.\*

If such a man, whose way of life in the face of all his fellow-citizens corresponded with the earnestness of his Christian words, and stands there without spot, is not a Christian prophet of the presence of God in humanity, then I know of none. Theologically, his prophetic ground-thought is this,—that communion has no other foundation than the self-consciousness of Jesus and his Gospel, and that intellectual expositions of metaphysical points are neither the only nor the highest symbol of this communion. On the contrary, he would have Christianity hallow and purify all the relations of actual life, and all communal and ecclesiastical institutions aim at that as a God-given goal, regarding equally the claims of the individual and the community. This, it appears to me, is Channing's significance in the world's history.

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\* Here follow, in the original, copious extracts, in the German translation, from the Sermon above named; from "Remarks on the Life and Character of Napoleon Bonaparte"; and from "The Duty of the Free States."

## ART. VII. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

## THEOLOGY AND CHURCH HISTORY.

It is an interesting circumstance, that the last elaborate work on theology comes to us from an eminent physician of Paris, and is devoted to vindicate the "emancipation of faith" from theology or philosophy, accepting as the best statement of it the simple reverent ascription of the Lord's Prayer.\* "Born in London, of a German father and an English mother," and passing most of his life at the French capital, Dr. Schedel had an outfit of three "mother tongues," as a basis for the remarkable linguistic attainments he seems to have made. Gifted with an eager and intrepid intellect, he rapidly distinguished himself in his profession, learned under the most eminent professors in most of the leading universities of Europe; studied cutaneous disorders (his own specialty) in Paris hospitals, hydropathy at Graefenberg, and intermittent fever in the ill-omened island of Walcheren, leaving works of standard authority upon each; was a restless and adventurous traveller, and at length lost his life in exploring by moonlight, against all warning and without a guide, the treacherous crags of Mount Pilatus. Attracted by the announcement of an English prize for an essay on the origin of theology, and its harmony with science and philosophy, he composed this treatise, — making his singular facility in the tongues the groundwork of studies in "Arabic, Persian, Hebrew," in addition to a confident and clear acquaintance with the more familiar fields of scholarship.

It is needless to say, that in great part his knowledge is non-professional, and adds not much to the information or the arguments already well known to theologians; and that one chief merit of his work is independent outside testimony in behalf of a liberal Christian faith. Still it is more than a mere phenomenon. Even scholars may learn something from the clear and energetic form of statement; and on the common ground of scholarship, there are fields with which the work displays a very remarkable amount of first-hand knowledge. We cannot easily point to a work — certainly one of so positive and high-toned religious character — which shows so clear and comprehensive a judgment of the recent schools of thought represented by such names as Hamilton, Comte, and Stuart Mill; while to many parts of the discussion a peculiar interest is given by the writer's intimate and professional acquaintance with modern physics. The chapters on the development of English speculation, from Bacon to Hume and Reid, and then the relations of it with the great schools of German speculation, occupy nearly the whole of the first volume. A large portion of the second is taken up with an exposition of the remote and dim mythologies of the East, and with a discussion of the several forms of Christian belief. The author's aim is, in great measure, to popularize a large mass of learning and speculation, — to write for the people, rather than for pro-

\* *The Emancipation of Faith.* By the late HENRY EDWARD SCHEDEL. 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

fessed metaphysicians and scholars ; and we are not prepared as yet to pronounce on the independent value of his researches.

The work impresses us as that of a singularly energetic, richly stored, and deeply reverent intellect. Its cardinal position is Christianity, as a positive revelation of the Almighty. The threatened despotism of philosophic, or scientific, or socialistic creeds, it considers, would enslave man to his own conceptions, under a yoke far more insupportable than that of theology, since this did at least retain the belief in a God and a Saviour. But no compromise is possible either with the Church of Rome or with Protestant intolerance. The only reliance is on a faith emancipated from all narrow intellectual conditions, "and not only from such, but from human conception altogether," — consisting in loyalty of the heart to God, leaving thought and life free, — professing no other supernaturalism than the revelation of God's existence, and no other creed than Christ the Word of God.

THE new Dictionary of Theology \* which Didot has recently issued, is intended primarily for Catholics and "seculars." It will be found very convenient by Protestants and members of the clerical profession. It condenses a great deal of information, and in a very admirable manner. It is not merely a Biblical Dictionary, but a cyclopædia of the subjects and the terms employed in theological or ecclesiastical investigations. It treats of everything connected with the Church, whether in its customs, its ritual, its dogmas, or its history. Many of the articles, of course, are very short ; but we have found every title that we have looked for, and some that lack full treatment even in the larger cyclopædias. The stand-point of the writer might lead us to suppose that heretics and their affairs would not be correctly judged. An examination of the book, nevertheless, enables us to say, that M. Jacquin is quite as impartial as most compilers in this kind. He confines himself usually to the statement of facts, and rarely obtrudes his individual opinion. We make no objection to the legendary lore with which he enriches many of his articles, but rather regard it as adding to the value of the work. In general, he has availed himself of the most recent discoveries of modern scholars, though in some cases he has been rather too willing to rely upon what are considered by the Church the standard authorities. The articles on Hell, on Faith, and on the Resurrection of the Body, are instances of this imperfect treatment. As an example of M. Jacquin's method, we give his article on "Sacrilege."

"This is an abuse made of things holy or consecrated, by profaning them. Thus there are three kinds of sacrilege, namely, personal, local, and real, because there are three kinds of holy or consecrated things ; viz. *the person*, as, for instance, the clergy in sacred orders ; *the place*, as, for instance, a church, a cemetery, etc. ; and *things dedicated* by the Church for God's worship, as the sacraments, the sacred vessels, vestments of the ministers at the altar, the sacred books, the property of the Church, etc. One is guilty of sacrilege, therefore, 1st, in striking

\* Dictionnaire de Théologie, à l'Usage des Gens du Monde. Par M. L'ABBÉ JACQUIN. Paris : Didot. 1858. 12mo. pp. 544.



or outraging by blows an ecclesiastic who is in holy orders, or a monk, or a nun; 2d, in profaning altars, churches, cemeteries, and other sacred places, that is to say, in doing in them actions contrary to the respect which is due to them, such as homicide, mutilation, larceny; 3d, in profaning the Holy Scripture, the sacraments, the sacred vessels, the cross, the relics, and the images of saints; 4th, in employing for profane uses any altar, vestments of priests, or anything which serves for the decoration of altars and churches; 5th, in seizing or unjustly holding the property of the Church. Although sacrilege, by its nature, is a mortal sin, it may be venial by reason of the slightness of the matter, or by inadvertence."

HENGSTENBERG, of Berlin, the watchdog of modern German orthodoxy, in conversation not long since with an American gentleman, congratulated the church of the United States on the acquisition of Dr. Schaff as a timely spiritual savior. He saw no hope for American theology, degenerated so sadly from the strong faith of the fathers, except in the Mercersburg Seminary. It is possible that great results may come from that Seminary, and from the labors of Dr. Schaff; but the first instalment of his *History of the Church*, which has recently appeared,\* does not raise our expectation, or realize what the prophecy of Hengstenberg might lead us to hope. The merits of the *History*, though real, are superficial; while the defects are radical. From the tone and theory of this volume it is evident that an impartial history of the Christian Church cannot be expected from the Mercersburg Professor. The merits of the *History* are, an excellent scientific method; a judicious, if not picturesque, grouping of parts; fulness of reference, without redundant annotation; bibliographic prefaces to each division and chapter, giving a list of the writers and works connected with that subject (which list, however, is not always as complete as it ought to be); an easy and flowing style, quite remarkable in a work originally written in German, and translated by another hand; and a spirit of Christian earnestness and enthusiasm. To those who sympathize with the author's theological opinions, the work will appear the most satisfactory, perhaps the most interesting, history of the first three centuries that has appeared in an English dress. Milman's work may be more eloquent and fascinating; but the arrangement of Dr. Schaff's work will seem more fit, and its material better digested.

We might also commend the purpose of the volume as it is stated in the Preface, were it not that that purpose is not carried out in the subsequent pages. Our praise of the book must stop with its form and structure. We cannot praise it as a faithful and unprejudiced history, whether of doctrines, institutions, monuments, or men. We cannot commend its assumptions, its logic, or its philosophy. It is inconsistent in its arguments; it is extravagant in many of its statements; it gives fancies in the place of facts; and its pictures of the Apostolic Church,

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\* *History of the Christian Church*. By PHILIP SCHAFF, D. D. From the Birth of Christ to the Reign of Constantine, A. D. 1-311. New York: Charles Scribner. 1859. 8vo. pp. 549.



not less than of the later churches of Alexandria, Carthage, and Rome, are inadequate, not to say inexact. The criticism of documents is not that of broad and free scholarship, but of slavery to a creed. Indeed, the fault of the whole work is that the writer remembers his orthodoxy. His theology guides his pen, and rules his investigations. Where he cannot make the facts in the case sustain his view, he supplies the lack by more confident assumption. This is most striking in his account of the doctrine of the Trinity. He asserts that this doctrine is abundantly taught in the Scriptures; yet admits that the *baptismal formula* and the *Apostolic benediction* are "the clearest statements" of it. Now, whatever may be the implication, there is certainly no clear statement of the doctrine of the Trinity in either of these passages. He goes on to say, that this doctrine "has been looked upon in all ages as the sacred symbol and the fundamental doctrine of the Christian Church." In this assumption he does not hesitate to confound the later Church doctrine with the earlier, and leave it to his readers to infer that what he and his friends mean by the "Trinity" is what the Fathers meant by it. His argument is, that the Trinity *must* have been the Christian doctrine; *therefore*, it was that doctrine. Yet when Dr. Schaff comes to furnish the proofs that this doctrine of all ages was held in the first three centuries, we find that, according to his admission, *not one* of the men whose writings have come down to us from those centuries held fairly the equality of Christ with the Father, or taught that Christ was God in any but a "subordination" sense. The only passage quoted by him, which teaches absolutely the triad of hypostases — a real personal distinction of the three members of the Godhead — is a fragment of Dionysius of Rome, contained in the writings of Athanasius. Never was there a lamer proof of a more gratuitous assumption.

Equally destitute of proof is Dr. Schaff's assertion, that "the Socinian and rationalistic opinion that the Church doctrine of the Trinity sprang from Platonism and Neo-Platonism, is radically false." He bases this assertion on the fact that the doctrine is Scriptural; *therefore*, as he says, it cannot be Platonic. Yet he admits in the Hellenic philosophy a "presentiment of a threefold distinction in the divine essence." Though he continually asserts that the doctrines of the Divinity of Christ and of the Holy Ghost were taught from the very beginning as essential, he nevertheless says (p. 284): "As the doctrines of the Divinity of Christ and of the Holy Ghost were but imperfectly developed in logical precision in the ante-Nicene period, the doctrine of the Trinity, founded on them, cannot be expected to be more clear." In fact, all his reasoning on these themes of the Trinity, Christ, and the Holy Ghost, is strangely inconsequential. We could not, however, expect consistency of reasoning from one who says (p. 571), "The Divinity of Christ, and his whole mission as Redeemer, is an article of faith, and, as such, above logical or mathematical demonstration"; or who boldly affirms (p. 83) that, on all the points of the Apostles' Creed, "the Apostles are perfectly unanimous, so far as their writings have come down to us"; or who feels it necessary to qualify his statement (p. 93) that "in contents and form the Bible is thoroughly human," by the parenthetical remark, "*though without error.*"

The tone, too, which Dr. Schaff employs in speaking of the opponents of Christianity, of the rationalist critics, and, indeed, of any who are not willing to presume that the Scriptures are of divine composition, is neither dignified nor just. He says of Celsus, that "his book is, on the whole, a very superficial, loose, and light-minded work, and gives striking proof of the inability of the natural reason to understand the Christian truth. It has no savor of humility, no sense of the corruption of human nature and man's need of redemption; and it could *therefore* not in the slightest degree appreciate the glory of the Redeemer and his work." Yet Dr. Schaff is quite willing to make use of the testimonies of just such men as Celsus when they happen to praise Christ. He sneers at the rationalistic and mythical methods of explaining the Gospels, as "really explaining nothing at all"; and misrepresents them by saying that "they substitute for the super-rational and supernatural miracle, in which they will not believe, an irrational and unnatural wonder; they make the great fact of the universal Christian Church a stream without a source, a house without a foundation, an effect without a cause, a pure absurdity." Such language as this may be fit for a partisan pamphlet, but is out of place in a respectable history. Its weakness is made more pitiful by the succeeding sentence, which parades the testimony of Napoleon to General Bertrand, "in full view of his own unrivalled career of victory and defeat": "I know men," said he, "and I tell you, Christ was not a man."

Dr. Schaff finds "an unanswerable argument for the divinity of Christ" in the fact that such numbers of men have "freely died" for "the name of Jesus." He forgets that the same argument would prove the divinity of Brahma and Buddha, and Baal, and Mahomet. The truth of any faith cannot be proved by the conduct of men in regard to it. Such an argument is a fair specimen of Dr. Schaff's style of generalizing. Other remarkable instances are in his apologies for the Apostles. He admits that they were "not without defect"; but "they were as nearly perfect as it was possible to be in a sinful world." Peter was wrong at Antioch, and was justly reprovved by Paul; "but the fault he committed on that occasion being only one of practice, not of theory, — only a weakness of character, not an error in doctrine, — proves nothing against his inspiration and infallibility." Peter's Epistle is among the Antilegomena; yet "as it contains nothing which Peter might not have written," it may as well be received; — and Dr. Schaff does receive it, and quotes from it to show how Peter became reconciled to Paul. The Epistle to the Hebrews is also doubted as a canonical work; nor does Dr. Schaff venture to say that the weight of critical evidence is in its favor. Yet he makes the strange assertion, that the Epistle stands completely on Pauline ground; that it is a genial product of the Pauline spirit; and that it is so full of unction, and teaches with such authority, that "we cannot be satisfied to ascribe it even to a disciple of Paul, like Luke or Apollos or Clement, without allowing the great Apostle of the Gentiles at least an indirect concern with its contents, though not with its literary form." In all that Dr. Schaff says about the Apostles, there is a positiveness of assertion which is entirely

arbitrary and unwarranted. How does he know that "they *never* exercised their authority in arbitrary and despotic style"? What reason has he for calling the Apostolic Church a "generation of demigods"? He says that "God drew a broad line of demarcation between the century of miracles and the succeeding ages, to show, by the abrupt transition and the striking contrast, the difference between the work of God and the work of man." And yet, in another place, he confesses that it is impossible to define, in the history of the Church, the exact, or even the approximate, time when miracles ceased.

We might extend these instances of Dr. Schaff's loose reasoning; but we have said enough to show that this new History of the Church, readable as it is, is yet narrow, partial, and unsatisfactory.

#### RECENT GERMAN WORKS.

The following are the German publications of chief interest, of the last half-year.

*Heppes* History of Protestantism ends with the fourth volume. It is a work full of new investigations, but somewhat loosely arranged.

Origin and Development of Christian Church Architecture, by *W. Weingärtner*. Leipzig: Weigel. A thorough and finished work, whose aim is to unfold the relation of the ecclesiastical style to that of the ethnic thought.

*Keil's* Introduction to the Old Testament. (2d edition, first part. The whole to appear in the course of the year.) This second edition is no improvement on the first, and is altogether behind the times.

*Mekring's* work on the Epistle to the Romans — of which the first volume (Chap. I. — V.) has been published by Nahmer, Stettin — is recommended as a work of philological and critical merit.

*Dr. M. Wolff's* Philosophy of Philo (2d enlarged edition, Bonnier, Gothenburg) is an admirable introduction to the views of that Jewish philosopher, who, living at the time of Christ, and standing at the head of Jewish speculation, serves in various ways to make us acquainted with the background of apostolic, and especially of Pauline views.

Teubner's last volume contains the *Deipnosophistæ* of Athenæus, edited by *Meineke*, the veteran and masterly critic. We shall probably have before long the Aristotle of *Bonitz* in the same collection.

*Ernst Curtius's* Greek History, of which Weidmann in Berlin has published the first volume of the 2d edition, is distinguished alike by its erudition and its manner of presenting the subject, and well deserves an English translation, since Grote's work is by no means up to the latest investigations in Hellenic antiquities.

*Richry*, author of a book on Deuteronomy (denying its Mosaic authorship), has published a work on the doctrine of the Epistle to the Hebrews, which throws much light on that Epistle, especially from Old Testament sources.

Another work on Romans by *Theodore Schott* of Erlangen, although essentially opposed to Baur, yet vindicates that critic against his assailants.

Joel of Berlin has published the first number of a Psychological Dictionary, alphabetically arranged.



*Microcosmos. Ideas towards a Natural History of Humanity; or, Attempt at an Anthropology.* By *Hermann Lotze*. Vol. I. Body, Soul, Life. Vol. II. Man, Spirit, the World. The able and genial author, writing from the stand-point of Herbart's philosophy, has brought together under this title the results of his abundant studies, with a charm of manner and a masterly handling peculiar to himself. He opposes the prevailing materialism of the day.

*Fischer's Essay on the History of the Reformation in Poland.* The best that has yet been written on the subject.

*Störm's History of Philosophy in the Time of the Fathers*, with special reference to the speculative Anthropology of that Age. A useful work on the Roman Catholic side.

*L. Häusser's German History*, from the death of Frederic II. to the formation of the German League. 2d edition, amended and enlarged. Weidmann, Berlin. One of the best and most thorough of German historical works, uniting liberality with sobriety of opinion. A book of permanent value.

The seventh edition of *Tischendorf's New Testament* appears in two forms, — a larger for the purposes of scientific exegesis, and a smaller and cheaper for common use.

*Pestalozzi's Heinrich Bellinger*, in the collection of Biographies of Reformers introduced by Hagenbach, is much recommended.

The second volume of *Diaconus Feuerlein's Philosophical Ethics* embraces the modern civilized nations. A useful and laborious work, in the spirit of the Hegelians.

An Atlas for the History of the Old Testament, with six excellent maps, by *F. H. Kurz*. Berlin: Wohlgemuth.

*Steinthal's Treatise on the Origin of Language*, a work of great pretension, appears at the same time with the fourth edition of that of *Jacob Grimm*.

*A. Planck's "Schelling's Posthumous Works and their Philosophical Significance,"* is little more than a *résumé* of the recent volumes of Schelling.

The "Christian Philosophy" of *Heinrich Ritter*, author of the History of Philosophy, (Göttingen, Dietrich,) is brought down to Raimond of Sebonde. A work distinguished by clear statement and noble views. An excellent book to translate into English.

*Julian Schmidt's History of German Literature since Lessing's Death*, is much improved in thoroughness and accuracy in the present fourth edition, of which the first two numbers have now appeared. The vivacious manner of exhibiting men and things in this work has secured to it a permanent interest.

*Modern German Literature, in its Ethical and Religious Aspects*, by *Gelzer*, (Part I., 3d edition, Leipzig, Hirzel,) supplies by its delicate Christian sense a defect of the foregoing.

*Rückert's Text-Book of Universal History*, organically represented. Vol. I. No. 1. (To consist of two volumes.) A colorless exhibition, difficult to follow, but crowded with matter.

*History of the Primeval World (Urwelt)*, by *Andreas Wagner*,



Professor of Zoölogy in Munich. 2d enlarged edition. The second part treats especially of Races. The author advocates the Mosaic account of creation, and the unity of the human race.

*Meyer*, the well-known commentator, has put forth another edition of his "Romans," and has in press a commentary on the Apocalypse.

By *Marx*, an admirable biography of Beethoven.

*Karl Köstlin* has published from posthumous papers *Schwegler's* History of Greek Philosophy, — a work not to be compared, in thoroughness, with that of *Zeller*, of the second edition of which the second volume has just appeared, containing Socrates, the Socratics, Plato, and the elder Academics. Greatly enlarged from the first edition.

"Das Heilige Köln," by *Bork*, is the first number of a splendid work, descriptive of the treasures of mediæval art in the churches and sacristies of Cologne.

Ezekiel's Vision of the Temple, by *Balmer Rineck*, with five plates and a chart, is valuable for its architectonic illustrations.

*Paul de Lagorde* is editing the works of Hippolytus, concerning whom we have recently heard so much in connection with the recent discovery of the Philosophoumena.

*Pott*, who stands next to Bopp as a comparative linguist, has begun a new edition of his Etymological Investigations, by which he became famous a quarter of a century ago. The first volume (pp. 858) treats of the prepositions alone of the Indo-Germanic languages.

The third volume of *Hefele's* History of Councils brings us to the time of Charlemagne. With great learning and sagacity, the author occasionally betrays a partiality in the interest of Romanism, which leads to inaccuracy, if not distortion.

*Fr. Ochler*, the editor of Tertullian, has given us at length the first part of his edition of Epiphanius (pp. 717), — Greek with Latin translation. Not a mere reprint, but variously emended.

*Laemmer*, a theological "Privatdocent" in Berlin, author of a work much praised, — "The Ante-Tridentine Catholic Theology," — has recently gone over to the Roman Church, — an event which would have made a great sensation, but that fortunately the public mind in Prussia is preoccupied with the ministerial crisis.

By *H. Ewald*, a work on the Origin, Contents, &c. of the Sibylline Books (Göttingen, 1858). The best that has yet been said respecting this collection, which carries us back to the Essenes before Christ, and exhibits points of contact between Essenism and Christianity.

*Schneider's* Compendium of the Ancient Church History, Part I. including the first three centuries, (Berlin, W. Schultze, 1859,) on account of its availableness as a work for beginners, is likely to be translated, and to circulate widely. The writer, a follower of Neander, has diligently investigated original sources, without needlessly thrusting them before the reader.

An Essay by *F. C. Baur*, on the Tübingen School and its Opponents, — treating in particular the question of the genuineness of John's Gospel, and defending the author's views against his later critics, will excite the curiosity of all interested in the history of recent criticism. (Tübingen. Fues. pp. 168.)

## SCIENCE.

SOME of the ablest thinkers and writers of the recent English school are hardly known by name to the general public. We remember, rather dimly, perhaps, some vein of bold speculation, some striking scientific essay or generalization, some far-reaching hint or half-developed fragment of a truth that sheds a singular side-light on the chaos of common things: then presently our memory is refreshed, and we recognize the clear, accomplished intellect, when a goodly volume gathers up the fragments, and a new name is added to our catalogue of authors. Several papers in the "Leader" had struck us in this way, as well as in the "Westminster," "National," and other organs of free English thought; and now some of the more striking are gathered under the name of Herbert Spencer,\* — a name new to many this side the Atlantic, but for some time recognized in England as "by far the most able recent writer of his school." His more elaborate works, on "Social Statics," and "The Principles of Psychology," demand a full review rather than a passing reference; — a service which we hope some day to render to our readers. Meanwhile, we recognize among the contents of this volume some of the most suggestive and valuable papers of recent British journalism. The essay on "Progress, its Law and Cause," we have before noticed. That on "Transcendental Physiology" appeared in the "National Review," under the title of "The Ultimate Laws of Physiology." It is perhaps the most striking and valuable in the volume. In "The Haythorne Papers," (collected here from the columns of the "Leader,") are some of the more popular illustrations of the writer's subtle and generalizing habit of thought, — for example, those on music as a natural language, and on the development hypothesis. The merit of this class of thinkers is in the ample and rich illustrations they bring to bear on the wider truths of science, and the interpretation, often extremely curious and suggestive, which they put upon ordinary neglected facts. Their fault or danger is a hard, excessively intellectual, somewhat dry and materialistic way of regarding the phenomena of human life, passion, will, and history. The volume of Mr. Spencer's is in the same class with "The Senses and the Intellect" of Alexander Bain, — a work to which we have already briefly called attention, and which eminently deserves the careful study of every one who is himself either a learner or a teacher in that field. The exhaustive analysis, the bold, clear, sagacious application of the principles and methods of science to human life, the masterly grasp of the principles and details in the order of thought they handle, give to this school of thinkers a unique and a very high position in the history and development of opinion.

MR. WELLS'S annual report of science † is equally interesting to

\* Essays: Scientific, Political, and Speculative. By HERBERT SPENCER. Reprinted chiefly from the Quarterly Reviews. London: Longman. 8vo. pp. 435.

† Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art, for 1859. Edited by DAVID A. WELLS. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

the philosopher and to the mere hunter after facts. It combines very judiciously with the progress of discovery and invention a pretty full account of what has been said and thought among men of science. It keeps us posted in the higher generalizations and the course of more refined speculation in this province, as well as its ever-shifting and strange phenomena; and so sums up for us the contribution which physics yearly make to metaphysics. Coleridge once attended a course of chemical lectures so as "to lay in a new stock of metaphors." And we think it part of a philosopher's or theologian's duty to avail himself of the fertile suggestions and the intellectual help furnished by the extraordinary progress of knowledge in this direction.

The address of Professor Owen is a capital example of what we mean; and few can read it carefully without a fresh sense of the great revolution in human thought, silently prepared by the last century of speculation and discovery. This, as well as Lord Brougham's Discourse on Sir Isaac Newton, and Faraday's on Science as a branch of education, are valuable features of the present volume.

Some of the facts here shown are as beautiful to the imagination as they are magnificent in the scale on which they are displayed. Thus (p. 23), independent series of observations have disclosed a coincidence as unexpected as it is striking between the "magnetic storms" that so perplex our observations, and the recurrence of the solar spots, — following together, it appears, a cycle of about eleven years. For a multitude of facts, of the highest interest to the thinker as well as the practical man, we should not know where else to look; and we commend the editor's judgment in including, besides his registry of these, several examples — such as those respecting the light of comets (p. 386) and the secretion of the parotid glands (p. 356) — of what are as yet only hypotheses or hints, but which show the course inquiry is to take. Some of our chronologists may be a little startled at the argument (p. 35) that communities of men existed in Egypt about 13,400 years ago, — a date curiously corresponding, by the way, with the 11,340 years which the Egyptian priests twenty-two centuries ago assured Herodotus had passed, in their recorded generations of men (Herod., Book II. ch. 142). Among the more remarkable things here recorded, are the progress of the tunnel, more than eight miles long (p. 60), that is to connect France with Piedmont, — an alliance faster and deeper than that which now embroils the politics of Europe; the application of the gyroscope to secure steady observations on shipboard (p. 171); the artificial production of the aroma of wine, and delicate fruit-flavors, and precious gems (pp. 208, 211, 239); the actual success, on a large scale, of the Bessemer process for forging steel (p. 224); the autographic telegraph (p. 114); the production of gorgeous dyes from coal-tar and guano (p. 233); the fabrication of ships of steel, together with that uncouth curiosity, the "Winans steamship" (p. 48); and the enormous bomb-shells of more than a ton's weight (p. 85), to be thrown from thirty-six-inch mortars, showing immense economy in the destruction of the strongest fortresses! It is shown, by an elaborate argument, that Mr. Ruskin was quite within bounds when he said that Turner's hand was true within the thou-



sandth of an inch (p. 195); and while we are upon the infinitesimals, we may mention the Waltham factory of watches, where certain parts of the mechanism are registered and classed by a scale of ten-thousandths of an inch (p. 65). We learn that the Romans were nearer right than we in the shape of those thin bricks which we crumble in our fingers among the ruins of the Colosseum. The calculations of this same busy year, it seems, have brought us some nine million miles nearer the sun than we supposed ourselves (p. 393); and the somewhat appalling question is raised (p. 295), whether the waters of the earth are not drying up, so that the period is visibly approaching when there shall be no more sea. We had noted many other facts from this curious storehouse; but this miscellany will give at least a hint of the quality and variety of them, and the nature of the service rendered in so faithful and skilful a gathering of them.

MR. RUNKLE'S *Mathematical Monthly*\* has reached the seventh month of its existence, and may be considered an established fact in our periodical literature. We chanced recently to see an extended and very flattering notice of Mr. Runkle's labors in a French journal of similar character, and a phrase used by the Parisian reminded us of our duty as editors of a religious journal. The Frenchman expresses the wish that the *Mathematical Monthly* may long continue to be a "preacher of holy doctrine." The wish thus uttered is, under Mr. Runkle's editorship, likely to be fulfilled. Perhaps the most prominent feature in the journal is its devotion to the cause of education, the assistance which it gives to its readers in guiding themselves, or children under their charge, to a knowledge of mathematical ideas, — the true types upon which the material universe is formed. As theology is simply the highest aspect of all science, there is a light in which the mathematics are definitely and emphatically theological. The April number of the *Monthly*, for example, contains an absolute demonstration of the wisdom of God displayed in the forms of the vegetable world. Faith does not need such a demonstration, because the point thus proved is one of the axioms of faith. But taking men as they are, leaning for the most part more upon the understanding than upon the reason, such illustrations of our power to perceive the harmony and perfection of the Divine plan add greatly to their vividness of faith, and to the clearness and intensity of their spiritual life. Mr. Runkle's journal is not only appreciated on the other side of the Atlantic, but has a wide circulation here. It was in its pages that the popular account of Donati's Comet, by George P. Bond, Director of the Observatory at Harvard College, first appeared, beautifully illustrated by wood-cuts and engravings. The lesson which that wonder of the northwestern sky gave to all beholders is in these pages of Mr. Bond pleasantly recalled; and, with our contemporary at Paris, we would say, long and widely may the lesson be taught.

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\* The *Mathematical Monthly*. Edited by J. D. RUNKLE, A. M., A. A. S. Nos. I. — VII. October, 1858, to April, 1859. Cambridge: John Bartlett. 4to. pp. 264.



## GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

FEW of those who admire Mr. Bryant as a poet do justice to his capacity as a writer of graceful, expressive, classical prose, pure from all those perversions to which daily journalists are exposed, and free from any poetical extravagances. His "*Letters of a Traveller*"\* are models of their kind; many of them the solaces of solitude and the pastime of unoccupied hours, they have all the freshness of new experiences and the variety of constant motion. As only one letter is given to Holland, one to Switzerland, one to Algiers, one to Rome, the admirable plan is pursued of saying nothing when there is nothing special to say, and of relating what is worthy of report in as concise form as possible. The body of the book is a leisurely journey through Spain, giving a lifelike picture of the leading towns, from San Sebastian to Malaga, and enriching our *Saints' Calendar* with this history of a Spanish philanthropist:—

"I saw at Alicante what interested me more than almost anything else which I met with in Spain, the monument of a man more remarkable for active and disinterested beneficence, Don Trino Gonzalez de Quijano, who was governor of the province while the cholera was carrying off its thousands, from the 22d of August, 1852, to the 16th of September of the same year. Immediately upon his arrival at Alicante, he entered actively upon the work of mercy, superintending in person every measure adopted for the relief of the sick and their families, attending at their bedsides, administering the prescribed medicines, providing for the necessitous out of his private fortune, and, when that was exhausted, dispensing the contributions of those incited to generosity by his generous example. As the circle of the pestilence extended, he passed from one town to another, sometimes in the night, sometimes in the midst of tempests, carrying wherever he went succor and consolation. When his friends expressed fear lest his humane labors might cost him his life, 'It is very likely,' said he, 'but my duty is plain, and if I can check the cholera by laying down my life, I shall do it very cheerfully.' He was attacked at length by the distemper; but not till he had the satisfaction of seeing its violence greatly abated. 'Do not call in the physicians,' were his last words, 'it will create a panic and make new victims; let it not be known, if you can help it, that I died of the cholera.'"

Two statements of Mr. Bryant surprised us, that the monastic orders are extinct in Spain, where once they were the most numerous; and that piracy is still frequent along its ancient haunts in the Mediterranean. The volume closes with that tribute to the lamented Miss Waterston, so eloquent in its truth, its simplicity, and its feeling, which, besides comforting those who are so sorely bereaved, may save many other lives exposed to the same perils at treacherous Naples.

THE constant republication of the works of Henry Beyle † shows that there is a French public which prefers severe sobriety of taste to the glittering epigrams and high-colored pictures which mark the present

\* *Letters of a Traveller. Second Series.* By WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT. New York: Appleton & Co. 1859.

† *De STENDHAL (HENRY BEYLE). Promenades dans Rome.* 2<sup>me</sup> Série. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1858. 18mo. pp. 379.

style of French romance. Beyle, though he has written one of the most remarkable novels of this century, "*The Chartreuse of Parma*," is nevertheless, a sober and thoughtful writer, and restrains rather than gives way to his imagination. His "*Promenades in Rome*," originally published in 1829, still remains the most perfect guide-book to all that is worth seeing in that city. It is the work of a scholar, a critic, a liberal mind, and a man of genius. Sometimes a quiet humor breaks out, but the prevailing tone is that of grave, wise, and candid truthfulness. The edition which Lévy has recently issued is greatly improved from that of thirty years ago. Much of the matter is altogether new. We advise any one who would make acquaintance with the soul and life, not less than with the body and form of the Eternal City, to get this book. The only objection to it is its somewhat loose arrangement of topics, and the want of method in its descriptions.

UNDER the playful nickname of "Foreign Devil,"\* Dr. Wood has given a homespun, matter-of-fact statement of Mr. Harris's mission to Siam and Japan, of the English struggle with the Chinese, and of the crying sins of our United States naval service. He does not add anything to what we already knew, his opportunity of intercourse was limited to the shore, his style has no peculiar attractiveness, his pages are not popularized by wood-cuts and engravings; still, *Fankwei* is a sensible, reliable, critical narrative; its testimony to the excellent impression made by the elevated lives of the Siamese missionaries, notwithstanding their small success in making converts, is deserved and valuable; his statement of the horrible exposure of dead bodies in the same kingdom is sufficient proof of its inherent barbarism; his exposure of the degrading influences exerted by many of the regulations of our service upon both officers and men, deserves general attention, and demands further reform. We would refer the reader to the twenty-second chapter, entitled "*Hong Kong*."

FEW names in the literature of missions are better known than that of the author of "*Polynesian Researches*." A large and handsome volume on Madagascar† — that great island, "larger than Great Britain and Ireland together," so commanding in its place on the map, and so obscurely known to most of us — raises more curiosity than an ordinary book of travels, — curiosity, we are bound to say, not quite fully gratified. In the times of "*Paul and Virginia*," the impression seems to have been that that island was quite impregnable to European races, by reason of incessant putrid fevers. But the self-sacrifice of missions will penetrate where the self-interest of commerce dare not. In spite of a climate once thought deadly, and a barbarous despotism, and the persecutions of thirty years ago, when martyrs were burnt alive or dashed in pieces for their Christian faith, we hear a favorable report of

\* *Fankwei*; or the San Jacinto in the Seas of India, China, and Japan. By WILLIAM M. WOOD, M.D., U. S. N. New York: Harpers and Brothers. 1859.

† Three Visits to Madagascar, during the Years 1853, '54, '56. By Rev. WILLIAM ELLIS. New York: Harper and Brothers.

progress in arts and civilization,—the abolition of the slave-trade, the study and development of the native tongues, and a thirst for knowledge among the poor barbarians, that is fast throwing down all barriers, and introducing the “Madawesy” among the family of nations. Some representations of the native arts, as the smelting of iron in their rude, imperfect way (p. 294), are very curious. So also are some incidental notices of the language, the cattle-trade, the chase of wild cattle, the venom of snakes and its antidote, the agriculture and fruit-raising, the bounties of the forest, and the temper and manners of the people in presence of their European guests. So too the striking picture of Mauritius, in Chap. III.,—its missions and trade, and the story of the cholera there, setting at naught all hygienic rules. But the volume is too bulky for its matter. A very large part of it is detailed and weary journalizing. And we crave the clear sketch or the living picture of the land and people, which might easily have been given in less than half the space.

A FRENCH book about America may always be expected to be amusing. Parisian wit finds an ample field for its sallies and its extravagances in the roughness, the grotesqueness, and the various freedoms of American life. The last specimen of this Parisian criticism upon American manners and affairs which has come under our notice, is the work of M. Oscar Commettant.\* It is in fairness, in good sense, and in acuteness of observation, a great improvement upon the very amusing, but very absurd, book of Madame Manoël de Grandfort, published a year or two since. The topics of the two volumes are the same in many particulars. M. Commettant has a keen eye for the ludicrous side of American society, and lets no chance slip of raising a laugh at our expense. We cannot learn from the book that he travelled very far. His sketches are illustrated chiefly by what he saw in New York and its environs, or what he read in the journals of that city. The table of contents has a dignified show, and suggests a philosophical treatise, as solid as that of De Tocqueville; but, in reality, the book ought rather to be ranked with the “Yellow-Plush Correspondence,” or the “Pickwick Papers.” Its humor is of the richest kind, and its wise, and on the whole fair strictures, are enveloped in an atmosphere of the most radiant fun. The Foreigner in America, Business, Amusements, The Spirit of Liberty, Humbug, The Fine Arts, Mechanics and Machines, Navigation, Religions, Associations, Journals, Medicine, The Fourth of July, Comfort, Public Education, Balls, Christmas, New-Year’s Day and Valentine’s, Thieves and Villains, and The Physiognomy of the Southern States,—these grave headings introduce a series of comic criticisms quite worthy of Dickens. The satire is impartially distributed, and nothing escapes; but the praise is hearty. Of course, there are a good many mistakes, and M. Commettant’s imagination has invented some of his most remarkable facts. A great allowance in this

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\* OSCAR COMMETTANT. *Trois Ans aux États-Unis, Étude des Mœurs et Coutumes Américaines.* Paris: Pagnerre. 1858. 12mo. pp. 392.



direction may be made to a musical enthusiast, which we infer M. Commettant to be, from the allusions in his book. He tells a story of a young man who became a proselyte to the Catholic Church, in order to have the right to play cards after twelve o'clock on Saturday night, — Puritanism not permitting that; — says that the Boston ladies cover the legs of their pianos, out of *extreme modesty*; — suggests that the fine views which the dead get at "Greenwood" may be a reason for the location of that cemetery; — calls the Methodists the coldest and most monotonous of all the Puritan sects, likening their chapels to a family vault, the worshippers to embalmed corpses, and the music to the most dreadful of penances; — states that the Quakers throw themselves flat on the floor before preaching, getting in that posture a more perfect illumination of the Holy Spirit; — gives an instance, which we venture to call wholly apocryphal, of a very popular and estimable gentleman whom he knew at New York "perfectly well," who was successively a Lutheran minister, an Episcopalian, a Presbyterian, and finally a Catholic priest. "What is very singular," he adds of this last case, "is, that this estimable prelate, whose address is fascinating and full of unction, was fortunate enough, in his last conversion, to convert at the same time all his hearers. On one Sunday, he officiated as Presbyterian minister in the church, which was his personal property; and the next Sunday, in that same church, he said mass in the midst of his flock, who, like himself, have turned Catholic, rather than give up so charming a preacher."

M. Commettant is not usually inclined to understate the sins of the Americans, but in some cases his judgment may be regarded as too favorable. It may console us for the insult, that "our religious customs are only the double mask of hypocrisy and speculation," to learn that "slander and calumny are quite unknown among our people." Our lack in high art is compensated by our eminence in practical mechanics, in useful inventions, and in skilful engraving, which M. Commettant cheerfully recognizes. He knows of only one American sculptor, M. *Powers*, whose Greek Slave is "a poetical inspiration worthy of the great masters," — and only *two* galleries of paintings in New York, one of these in the house of the French Consul. Yet he is amazed at the beauty of design on the bank-bills and the advertising cards. We should be glad to render into equivalent verse the translation of his catalogue of American religious sects, which we append to this notice.

"Must we visit this crowd of churches, — which everybody builds, white, red, or gray; — Moravian, Universal, Jew, Presbyterian; — Reformed Protestant, Quaker, Lutheran; — Unitarian and Mormon, Roman and Methodist; — Baptist, Episcopal, Congregationalist; — Millerite, Shaker, and Swedenborgian; — Calvinist, Dunker, and Bachelorian; — Baptists liberal, and Baptists peaceable; — Baptists repentants, Free Christians, and Glassists; — Baptists separate, Baptists strict; — Baptists Puritan, Baptists populous; — Scotch Baptists, Baptists of glory; — Christians rebaptized, priests of victory; — Iron-armed Baptists, German Reformed; — Seventh-day Baptists, Wologans, Anglicans; — Brothers of Unity, Dalsites, Campbellites; — Disciples of Rongé, Seeklers, and Baldalites; — Jumpers, Walkers, Shakers, and Scandomanians;



— New Connexists, Ancient Romanians, Blue and Black Baptists, Primitive Inghanites; — Brothers of Exile, Agapemonites; — Grand Brothers of Plymouth, Muggletonians; — New Illuminati, and New Socinians; — Huntingonians joined by the Red Cross; — Grand Whifieldites, the Moss-covered Fry; — Northern Barrens, Southern Fruitfuls; — Talkers, Mutes, and Ramanodi.\*

## FICTION.

WE had supposed that the height of impudence was reached by that burlesque of the New Testament history entitled "*The Prince of the House of David*," of which a new edition, containing the correction of fifteen hundred errors, is just announced. But the absurdity of that production is fairly matched by the travesty of the Book of Exodus, which the same writer has now added to his long list of blazing fictions.\* Mr. Ingraham naively declares that his purpose in these works is to call attention to the Scriptures. He is afraid that the Bible is not read as much as it ought to be; and a profound sense of duty requires him, therefore, to apply his extraordinary inventive genius to the rescue of this neglected book. He has kindly supplied the defects of the sacred writer, has adapted the story of Moses to the tastes of a novel-reading generation, and has given to the annals of the Hebrew age the appropriate dress of the nineteenth century. In a curious Appendix, which seems to be the companion joke to the Preface, he observes that he does not write "for scholars or men learned in Egyptian lore"; — an observation which a perusal of the book renders quite unnecessary. He remarks, moreover, that "he will be grateful to any judicious and respectable scholar, who will kindly point out errors, — proving them to be such." The reception which his former rigmarole met with at the hands of scholars evidently forewarned him of the fate of the present volume.

A book like this would be beneath the notice of any respectable critic, were it not that the puffery of newspapers and its quasi-religious character will probably give it so wide a circulation. It will, we doubt not, like "*The Prince of the House of David*," find admission into thousands of Sunday Schools, just as "*Lafitte*" and its company of piratical romances found their way into all the circulating libraries. It is strange that no publisher of a weekly flash paper has engaged Ingraham to conduct a "religious department" in his columns. We can allow space in this notice only for a few choice bits, which may show the quality of the book as a Scriptural tale. We leave aside altogether the question of Egyptian chronology, merely remarking that it is a pity that the writer has not made better use of the learned works which he professes to have "consulted."

The book is in three parts. The first part contains twenty-five letters, purporting to be written by Prince Sesostris from Egypt to his family in Tyre; the second, a series of seven letters of Remeses-Moses, and his brother Aaron; and the third, after an interval of forty-six years, a series of twelve letters from Remeses of Damascus to his father, Sesostris. These letters purport to relate the whole life of Moses, from

\* *The Pillar of Fire, or Israel in Bondage.* By Rev. J. H. INGRAHAM. New York: Pudney and Russell. 1859. 12mo. pp. 600.

his birth to the giving of the Law from Sinai. They certainly do add most marvellous things to the account in Exodus. Not only every foolish fable that legend has added to the history of Moses, (such, for instance, as the story of his expedition to Ethiopia,) is used and embellished, but the fancy of the author promptly responds to his need of something original. *Moses* (for so he says the Hebrews pronounced the name "Mosheh"! ) is brought up as the heir to the Egyptian throne, under the name of "Remeses"; and we have a dazzling description of the brilliancy of his prospects, of his wonderful genius and his rare physical gifts. Mr. Ingraham is a master in drawing features as well as costumes, and we learn the color of the eyes and hair and beards, and particularly the shape of the noses, of all his characters. Most of the individuals in this volume have noses either "strongly" or "slightly" *aquiline*, or "acquiline" (for he spells this word, as many others, in two ways). The interviews of Moses with his supposed mother, Amense, the daughter of Pharaoh, are extremely affecting, and that portion of his history which supplements the Scripture is wrought up in the highest style. We are constrained to say, however, that the Moses of Mr. Ingraham differs from the Moses of the Exodus far more widely than does the statue of Michel Angelo. Not all the assistance which Stephen and the writer to the Hebrews add to the Old Testament account can warrant this new story of Moses's life in the house of Amense, or of his marine adventure, or of the number of children that he lost in Midian.

And the same remark will apply to the other Scripture characters which are forced into the story. The "venerable Prince Job of Uz" makes journeys which are not mentioned in the Biblical poem, though they may be contained in that copy of his life by Remeses-Moses, written and rewritten, which Mr. Ingraham seems to have used. "Prince Noah's" tomb in the great Pyramid, as related by the fair Osiria, is strangely omitted from the account of that patriarch in Genesis. About "Prince Alvam" and "Prince Joseph" many curious details are given, for which we look in vain in the Hebrew chronicle. We learn (p. 458) the process by which Lot's wife was transformed. Remeses saw, on the shore of the "Lake of Bitumen," "that extraordinary statue of an incrustated woman, on whom the shower of salt fell until it had encased her alive and transfixed her to the spot, as if hewn from a column of salt." Aaron's wife (p. 507) is called the "*daughter*" of Naason! Job's youngest daughter, "Keren-happuch," gets a husband in the land of Midian in a very pleasing and satisfactory manner. The Egyptian name which Mr. Ingraham gives to Joseph, "Hermes," is easier to pronounce, but less justified by history, than the name of Zaphnath-Paneah; nor is there Scripture authority for the statement, that on the day after the darkness the priests "waved incense to Osiris-Moses under the name of Musæ-usiris." Indeed, Mr. Ingraham's liberties with names are unaccountable. "Isis" is usually supposed to be feminine, but he has to change it into *Isia*. Luxora and Osiria are names which we venture to think will not be found on any cartouch of obelisk or temple, as they are certainly not found in Smith's Dictionary.

The Scripture account says nothing of "the sort of sarcophagus on wheels, drawn by twelve oxen," and shadowed by the Shekinah, which contained the body of Joseph, and was carried in front of the Israelite host in their exodus. If Mr. Ingraham had read carefully the work of Dr. Hawks, which he cites as one of his authorities, he would not have ventured to put Joseph's body into a sarcophagus of such extraordinary weight. The Hebrew word "*aron*" means a *coffin of wood*. In the plagues, too, which came upon Egypt, Mr. Ingraham is not content with reasonable miracle, but he loads on epithets which not only nullify the sense of the Hebrew text, but inflate the events themselves into the most preposterous monstrosities. He represents the fountains as "spouting blood"; tells how "scalding rain" fell in the great hail-storm; and describes the "darkness" which came upon Egypt as so intense and total, that not only none but Hebrews miraculously guided could make their way through it, but even *fire would not burn*. He fails to show how life could be supported for three days in an atmosphere which would not permit combustion. Physiology, however, is of as little importance as history or common sense to one who aims to illustrate the glory of God by sensation novels.

Mr. Ingraham's peculiar faculty of contradicting his own statements is shown in his dreadfully grand picture of the Red Sea crossing. When the Israelites crossed (p. 586), the bed of the sea was *hard and dry sand*, smooth as the paved avenue from Memphis to the Pyramids. Two pages farther on, when Pharoah's hosts were in the watery defile, between those walls of "congealed" water, hewn "as if from marble," "their chariot-wheels sunk in the *deep clay* which the wagons of the Hebrews had cut up, and came off"! In the bewildering chaos of his superlatives, the contradictions in his descriptions of buildings, banquets, and religious rites will not be so readily noted. It is quite evident that Mr. Ingraham knows nothing of the monuments of Egypt by personal inspection. The anachronisms to which he seems to plead guilty, claiming a right to them for purposes of his art, are by no means the worst mistakes in his pictures of Egypt under the Pharaohs.

We may grant to the author's pathetic request the right to use later names and terms to describe the men and places and things which existed before these names were invented, — when no other terms can make the meaning clear. We may even allow Sesostris to have in his chamber "a bureau covered with hieroglyphics," and Prince Moeris to give a "toast" at an Egyptian dinner-party. With more reluctance we can suffer the hail-storm to be called a "*chamsin* of heaven, such as earth never before felt upon her bosom." But this license may go too far. It will not do to say that the Egyptian cavalry "*trotted* past in splendid array," or that granite is finished and decorated with the "pencil," or to call Joppa "Jaffa." A correct use of terms, too, may be considered desirable. Mr. Ingraham uses *dromos* as if it were plural. On page forty-six he speaks of "another *dromo*." The rules of good rhetoric are violated all through the volume; but on page 204 we find a paragraph which, in its disregard of grammar, would vex the shade of Lindley Murray. On page 142 it is mentioned that the ruins of Jacob's house in Goshen are "visible a little *ways* off to the east."



These are but a few specimens of this delectable attempt to adapt Scripture to the public taste. The praiseworthy task is not yet, it is sad to say, complete. One more volume of equal size, which shall "do up" the reigns of David and Solomon, is promised, to finish this glorious trinity of Ingraham's Hebrew heroes. We do not see, however, that so insipid a writer can honorably stop there. Why will he not take pity on a benighted world, and reveal the facts of the antediluvian times, supply the narrative of Genesis, tell us the form of Eve's bureau, the shape of Adam's nose, and the stature of Elohim, walking in the garden in the cool of the day? We do not despair of a respectable Paradise, while such a seer as the Rector of Christ's Church, Holly Springs, Miss., can look it into shape and adapt it to the wants of the American public. No writer is more suitable to give a correct likeness of the old serpent, and his experience in dealing with assassins and bloody crimes will enable him to do full justice to the affair of Cain and Abel. We would suggest that, after David and Solomon are finished, Adam and his family come in to complete the square.

THE English school system differs utterly, we suppose, from anything ever known elsewhere upon earth, — so picturesque in its lights and shadows, — such a paradox and puzzle to our judgment, — such contrasts of manly honor with brutal tyranny or brutal vice, of the most degrading modes of discipline with the most impatient sense of dignity and independence. Such knowledge as we, at a distance, can get of it, almost consists of a series of pictures, — some of them mere caricatures in outline, mere blotches in shade and color, — some drawn with vigorous and skilful touches, and tempered with the tenderest Christian conscience and human sympathy. From "Nicholas Nickleby" to "Eric" or "Tom Brown" there is a wide interval indeed, — an interval marked by the public appreciation and honor of Thomas Arnold. The two small volumes whose titles we register below\* are fruits of the religious thoughtfulness which is passing judgment on institutions and methods, that went too long unchallenged. The first, the "Foster Brothers," attempts to be a review or exhibition of all grades of a customary English education, — from the charity or dame-school up to the University and the Military College, — along with a running comment of the relation between the aristocratic and plebeian classes. It is excellent in tone and purpose, and skilful enough in execution. But on the whole, and allowing for some points of considerable skill and beauty, it fails by grasping at too much. It does not linger long enough on a scene, or a group, to warm it into life. It becomes a sort of satire in disguise, — a "Tirocinium or Review of Schools," under the cloak of personal adventure. It unconsciously falls into the mood and tone of satire, is warped by some class prejudice or personal bitterness, paints in dark and exaggerated hues, and commits what we fervently hope to

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\* The Foster Brothers; or, The School and College Life of Two Young Men. Eric, or Little by Little: a Tale of Roslyn School. By F. W. FARRAR. New York: Rudd and Carleton.



be the injustice of a monstrous caricature of the system it seeks to exhibit. It is as if the writer had suffered too much by it himself to judge it calmly, — as if the book were a picture of personal griefs and wrongs. Mere dens of despotism, profligacy, and meanness, what good thing can possibly come out of them? we ask. Yet we know that a great deal of good has come from them, and that their essential features have found wise and good men to defend them. We are bound to believe facts which the writer says are facts, — and these are often very shocking, — but we cannot easily believe that the picture fairly represents the fact. Its chief merit is as a story following the fortunes of a household; and as such it is very interesting, and at times beautiful and affecting.

“Eric” we are inclined to rate as the best of its class, — so tender and true in tone, — so single in its purpose of tracing the moral life of the boy under the mixed influences of the school, — so skilful in its drawing of local scenery and incidents, — so felicitous in exhibiting the temper and dialect of school-boys, — tempering so exquisitely the painful progress of the tale with a tender religious spirit, as well as relieving it by exhibitions of manly heroism and moral beauty. There seems no purpose to condemn the school system as such. No query is suggested as to the discipline, and the teachers seem to be wise, firm, and conscientious beyond the average of men. All the more we are amazed at one or two things in it, which seem to be assumed as things of course. No protest is uttered or implied against corporal punishment, yet every instance of it but one is clearly enough degrading and mischievous, — none the less when most deserved, and inflicted on the dunce and bully of the school. Again, it seems incredible that one boy should work such deep mischief, so long, so shamefully, so lawlessly as is represented here, — the school lying at his mercy for months, — and that the corps of teachers suspecting him should have neither skill, vigilance, nor force to interfere. Granting these as part of the normal condition of things in “Roslyn School,” and the development of the story seems to us what we have said, — singularly beautiful and skilful, refined and wholesome in its moral tone, and among the most precious in its exhibitions of religious feeling and faith among the very perplexing class of human beings with which it deals.

#### ESSAYS, ETC.

WE are glad to announce the appearance of an American edition of the “*Essay on Intuitive Morals*.”\* We have already given, at full length, our very high estimate of the excellence of the *Essay*, — an estimate heightened by repeated perusal. It grapples, as we think successfully, with the difficulties which most theorists on the subject have thrown about it. Fettered by no false deference to the authority of

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\* *An Essay on Intuitive Morals, being an Attempt to popularize Ethical Science. Part I. Theory of Morals. First American Edition, with Additions and Corrections by the Author.* Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co.

great names, nor yet by the superstitious Bibliolatriy of the past or the present, it is yet marked by the most devout reverence for truth; and its argument rises at times to the inspiration of a lofty piety, as well as the fervor of genuine eloquence. The theory of the Essay seems to us the only one at once true to the best consciousness of mankind, and to the teachings of Him whose Gospel would be the light of the world, were it not for the perversions of a false theology.

We congratulate the American public that this admirable Essay can now be had in a form even better than the English, and at a price which ought to insure it a wide circulation. The "additions and corrections" are chiefly apparent in the notes, which are very full, and some of them of great value and interest.

WE can at present only record the publication of the noble volume of Sir William Hamilton's *Lectures on Metaphysics*.\* The prodigious learning of the illustrious lecturer; his intimate knowledge of the abstrusest metaphysical systems; the style of his intellect, so wide in grasp, so catholic in temper, and so keen in critical discrimination,—these, as well as a style in his other writings often very technical and hard, and the nature of the topics he deals with, make this more popular exposition very desirable and timely. It consists of forty-six Lectures, an Appendix of six chapters, and a full Index. The editors have done good service in registering, with a minuteness both praiseworthy and astonishing, the sources of the multifarious scholarship which not even the most fugitive essay or the briefest argument of Sir William Hamilton can fail to make evident. The direct and manly speech, the noble earnestness in vindicating his favorite studies; the clear, upright, and healthy moral tone; the manly piety and practical wisdom, which are best shown in this form of personal address to classes of young men,—are qualities almost equally rare with that wealth of erudition which has given him the name of the most learned metaphysician of his time, and still more commanding. Particularly valuable is this work to our half-educated public, as the only thoroughly reliable guide in English over that broad border-ground which connects the average thought of average men, and the commonplaces of enlightened common-sense, with those wonder-striking speculations, whether of ancient Greece or modern Germany, which very few even of scholars have either learning, time, or brain to comprehend. To the more thoughtful class of readers a rare privilege is held forth in the announcement of this book.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE volume of the *Révue des Deux Mondes* † for the first two months of the present year is of remarkable interest. The first article, by Charles de Rémusat, is a broad and generous statement of the position

\* *Lectures on Metaphysics*. By SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON. Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

† *Révue des Deux Mondes*. Tom. XIX. Janvier et Février, 1859. 8vo grand. pp. 1008.

of the various liberal schools in English theology, particularly those represented by F. W. Newman, James Martineau, and William R. Greg. The same philosophical insight and candor which marked M. Rémusat's treatment of Channing are conspicuous in this new essay. Mr. Martineau finds from this nominal Catholic an appreciation which he has not found from all his Unitarian brethren. Justice, too, is done to "The Creed of Christendom," a book which has been more misunderstood and abused than almost any book of the present century. And the article closes with a discussion of the Evangelical Alliance and its influence, from which it is easy to see that M. Rémusat has no faith in any narrow sectarianism as the basis of religious union or the foundation of the Church of the Future.

Mr. Trelawny's book on Byron and Shelley is reviewed by an acute critic, M. Edmond de Guerle. M. Montégut, who has usually the charge of reviewing English and American literature, handles, in his articles in the present volume, two new French personal narratives. The first is the Autobiography of M. Quinet, which is made the text of a hearty yet discriminating tribute of praise to a writer whose modesty is as remarkable as his industry and genius. The second book is the "Religious Physiology" of Prosper Enfantin, which is dissected and shown up with the most merciless sarcasm. The theory of M. Enfantin is a gross sort of Pantheism. His anthropology is of the most sensual and disgusting character, resembling that of the Hindoo poems; and his doctrine of *immortality*, which he seems to regard as the crowning excellence of his system, is summed up by M. Montégut in these three propositions:—"1st. M. Enfantin believes in molecular eternity, in the atomistic immortality of every parcel of his physical being. 2d. He believes in the ideal eternity of his intellectual life: he will live eternally in the works which he has done, in the ideas which he has scattered, in the future good which these works and these ideas shall produce, in the men who shall have reaped their benefits. 3d. Is the *individual soul* eternal? M. Enfantin does not seem to believe this of other men, but he believes it firmly of himself. He has already lived in the past, and he will live eternally in the future." M. Enfantin, in fact, is a Pythagorean, and is able to tell who he was in a pre-existent state. He claims to have been St. Paul, in whom the "Enfantin eternal" dwelt, as it will afterward dwell in the body of some great prophet. Another proposition of this singular metaphysician is, that a man deceased *lives again in the second husband of his wife*. M. Montégut calls the reasoning of Enfantin "an admirable specimen of metaphysical *blague*," which is French for *humbug*.

M. Edward du Hailly contributes to this volume a series of three papers upon California, its history, its climate and production, its commercial development, its mines, its social life and customs, and its probable future. In these papers we have the shrewd conclusions of one who has seen with his own eyes the scenes which he describes, and whose eye is quick to see what is ludicrous. Good sense restrains a wit which is constantly provoked. M. Theodore Pavie has added two more to his brilliant series of sketches of the Last Days of the Mogul



Empire. M. L. de Carné, an indefatigable antiquary, continues the results of his researches concerning the Monarchy of Louis XV. In this volume he tells of the government of Madame de Pompadour and of the Duc de Choiseul, and completes what will be one of the most valuable of recent French historical works. The "Australian Continent" forms the theme of a very able and picturesque article by M. Alfred Jacobs; and Madame Pfeiffer's last book of travels gives M. Charles Lavollée a chance for a capital sketch of Borneo and the adjacent islands. There is an article on "Chateaubriand," by M. Pontalis, which seems to us much too favorable in its judgment of that famous man as a statesman, though it admits his mistakes, his failures, and his malignant motives. An article on "Biot," by M. Auguste Laugel, gives a view of Scientific History from the days of Copernicus, Galileo, and Newton.

Each number of this *Révue* ought to contain at least one article about France, in its present condition and needs. In the present volume, which contains four numbers, we have four articles of this kind. There is a description of Cherbourg, the new naval arsenal of France; there is a most timely and thorough discussion of the replanting of forests, as a means of preventing inundations; there is a statement and history of *communal property* in France; and there is an earnest plea for the mutual dependence of commerce and agriculture, of the merchant *marine* and the class of cultivators. M. V. de Mars furnishes a paper on the improvements in war steamers, and the employment of steam in Continental wars. M. Marizy discusses the system of "Mutual Banking," especially in Belgium and Germany. M. Albert Gaudry brings to notice the travels and labors of Alcide d'Orbigny, the geologist and naturalist. His article makes an interesting chapter in the recent history of science. M. Joel Cherbuliez's account of "Geneva and Genevese Society under the Radical Government" is very interesting, in spite of the strong prejudice which colors its statements. He does not despair of the republic, although the signs of the times seem to him very dark. He dwells upon one remarkable fact, the rapidity with which foreigners coming to reside at Geneva become nationalized, forget their former customs and language, and adopt at once all the manners and opinions of this insulated community. While Geneva is a composite of many elements, no city in Europe has a more marked and positive public character.

The *Révue des Deux Mondes* not only contains articles on every variety of topic, but means also to issue original works of poetry and fiction. In the present volume, Achard has contributed a new story entitled *Marguerite de Tanlay*, pleasantly written, but not very striking; Autran has given seven sea-songs, — musical and melancholy, — one of them, *Le Feu d'Épaves*, (The Fire of Drift-wood,) addressed to Longfellow, and imitated in measure and tone from him. André Theuriet has given a series of elegiac verses, one portion imitated from Hood; and George Sand has contributed one of her most scandalous novels, relating, under feigned names, her own former illicit connection with that crazy and licentious sot and brilliant poet, Alfred de Musset. The



story entitled "Elle et Lui" is a disgrace to such a review, and the ability of the composition by no means redeems its essential immorality.

The ablest articles in the *Révue*, in our judgment, are the political articles of M. Mazade and M. Forçade. Both of these writers have uncommon force of style and breadth of observation; and the second of them speaks with a boldness of criticism and liberalism which is equally amazing and welcome. One or the other, and sometimes both, give, at the end of each fortnight, a chronicle of political events at home and abroad; and M. Forçade will be fortunate if the views which he has dared to express in his recent discussions do not lead to his banishment from France. He has a special article in this volume on the Italian question, which is superior to anything we have seen in the English reviews. Altogether, this twenty-ninth year of the great French review opens with signal ability. Out of thirty-nine articles and one thousand pages, none are dull, and most have rare merit.

#### PAMPHLETS.

WE have registered the titles of four Funeral Discourses of peculiar interest, a more full notice of which we are reluctantly compelled to defer.

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#### NOTE.

IN our last number, in an article on Mather and Franklin, we said that we had not found Mather's anonymous tract there alluded to, in any public library in Boston, New York, or Philadelphia. We understand that our failure in our applications at the Massachusetts Historical Library was due to some misapprehension: that Library has now two copies of the original edition. We learn still further, and with great pleasure, that the distinguished President of that Society has discovered a copy of the tract, which has escaped any of De Foe's editors, to which we alluded in the same article. We trust we may soon see some account of it from his pen.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

## THEOLOGY AND RELIGION.

The Emancipation of Faith. By the late Henry Edward Schedel, M.D. Edited by George Schedel. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. 2 vols. pp. 470, 482. (See p. 436.)

Selections from the Writings of Fénelon; with a Memoir of his Life. By Mrs. Follen. New edition. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 374.

First Things: or, The Development of Church Life. By Baron Stow. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. pp. 282.

The Precious Stones of the Heavenly Foundations. By Augusta Browne Garrett. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 328.

Sermons preached and revised by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon. 5th Series. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 454.

A Treatise on Theism, and on the Modern Sceptical Theories. By Francis Wharton. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 395.

## ESSAYS, ETC.

Man and his Dwelling-Place: an Essay towards the Interpretation of Nature. New York: Redfield. 12mo. pp. 391.

Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements considered. By John Lord Campbell, LL. D., in a Letter to J. Payne Collier. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 146.

Lectures on Metaphysics. By Sir William Hamilton. Edited by Rev. H. L. Mansel and John Veitch. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 8vo. pp. 718. (See p. 456.)

Plan of the Creation: or, Other Worlds and Who inhabit them. By Rev. C. L. Hequembourg. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 12mo. pp. 396.

On the Probable Fall in the Value of Gold: the Commercial and Social Consequences which may ensue, and the Measures which it invites. By Michel Chevalier. Translated from the French, with Preface, by Richard Cobden. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 211.

## HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of John Milton; narrated in Connection with the Political, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of his Time. By David Masson, Professor of English Literature in University College, London. With Portraits and Specimens of his Handwriting at different Periods. Vol. I. 1608-1639. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 8vo. pp. 658. (Reviewed, p. 401.)

The Pioneer Bishop; or, The Life and Times of Francis Asbury. By W. P. Strickland. With an Introduction by Nathan Bangs, D.D. New York: Carlton & Porter. 12mo. pp. 496. (Reviewed, p. 382.)

The Life of Frederick William Von Steuben, Major-General in the Revolutionary Army. By Friedrich Kapp. With an Introduction by George Bancroft. New York: Mason Brothers. 12mo. pp. 735.

Portrait of a Christian, drawn from Life: a Memoir of Mary Elizabeth Clapp. By her Pastor, Chandler Robbins. 4th Edition. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, & Co. 12mo. pp. 134.

Palissy the Potter; or, The Huguenot Artist and Martyr. A true Narrative. By C. L. Brightwell. New York: Carlton & Porter. 18mo. pp. 235. (Illustrated.)

## GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

Letters of a Traveller. 2d Series. By William Cullen Bryant. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 277.

Three Visits to Madagascar, during the years 1853, 1854, 1856; including a Journey to the Capital, with Notices of the Natural History of the Country, and of the Present Civilization of the People. By Rev. William Ellis, F. H. S. (Author of "Polynesian Researches"). Illustrated by wood-cuts from photographs, &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 514. (See p. 448.)

## POETRY AND FICTION.

Poetry of the Bells. Collected by Samuel Batchelder, Jr. Boston and Cambridge: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 72.

Poems. By Albert Sutcliffe. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 144.

Life Memories, and other Poems. By Edward Sprague Rand. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 176.

Poems. By Albert Lighton. Boston: Brown, Taggard, & Chase. 16mo. pp. 135.

The Romance and its Hero. By the Author of "Magdalen Stafford." New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 424.

Frank Elliott; or, Wells in the Desert. By James Challen. Philadelphia: James Challen & Son. 12mo. pp. 347. (A religious and argumentative tale.)

Adam Bede. By George Eliot. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 496.

Onward, or The Mountain Clamberers; a Tale of Progress. By Jane Anne Winscom. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 333. (A religious tale, designed especially for the young.)

Alice Learmont; or, A Mother's Love. With Illustrations. Boston: Mayhew & Baker. 12mo. pp. 166. (One of the charming tales by the author of "John Halifax.")

The Foster Brothers; being a History of the School and College Life of Two Young Men. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 405. (See p. 454.)

Waverley Novels. Household Edition. The Surgeon's Daughter, etc. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Kenilworth. The Antiquary. By Sir Walter Scott. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. (Paper, cheap.)

The Avenger, a Narrative; and Other Papers. By Thomas De Quincey. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 16mo. pp. 327.

## JUVENILE.

Pleasant Pathways; or, Persuasives to Early Piety. By Daniel Wise. pp. 285.

The Rainbow Side; a Sequel to "The Itinerant." By Mrs. C. M. Edwards. pp. 296.

The Ministry of Life. By Maria Louisa Charlesworth. New York: Carlton & Porter. 12mo. pp. 465.

Agnes Hopetoun's Schools and Holidays. By Mrs. Oliphant. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 18mo. pp. 300.

More about Jesus. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. pp. 246.

Daily Thoughts for a Child. By Mrs. Thomas Geldart. New York: Sheldon & Co. 18mo. pp. 170.

Ben Sylvester's Word. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 141.

A Mother's Gift to her Little Ones at Home. New York: Carlton & Porter. 16mo. pp. 131.

## MISCELLANEOUS.

The New American Cyclopædia, a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Vol. V. Chartreuse — Cougar. 8vo. pp. 776.

The American Home Garden; being Principles and Rules for the Culture of Vegetables, Fruits, Flowers, and Shrubbery. To which are added Brief Notes on Farm Crops, with a Table of their average Product and Chemical Constituents. By Alexander Watson. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 531.

The Gorgias of Plato, chiefly according to Stallbaum's Text. With Notes, by T. D. Woolsey, President of Yale College. New Edition, with Additions. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 242.

The Agamemnon of Æschylus, with Notes and a Metrical Table. New Edition, Revised. By C. C. Felton. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 185.

The Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book, for the Service of Song in the House of the Lord. New York: Mason Brothers. 8vo. pp. 511.

A Practical Grammar of the German Language. By Charles Follen. 21st Revised Edition. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 12mo. pp. 283.

The Annual of Scientific Discovery; or, Year-Book of Facts in Science and Art for 1859. Edited by David A. Wells. Boston: Gould & Lincoln. 12mo. (See p. 444.)

Arithmetic for Beginners; being an Introduction to Cornwell and Fitch's Science of Arithmetic. By the same Authors. 2d Edition. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 24mo. pp. 144.

The Life of North American Insects. By B. Jaeger. With numerous Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 319.

Report of the Commissioner of Patents, for the Year 1857. Agriculture. Washington: W. A. Harris. 8vo. pp. 552.

Mothers and Infants, — Nurses and Nursing. Translation from the French of Dr. Al. Donné. Boston: Phillips, Sampson, & Co. 12mo. pp. 303.

The Homœopathic Domestic Physician and Traveller's Medical Companion. By Dr. Ferd. Gustav. Oehme. Concord: E. C. Eastman. 24mo. pp. 165.

## PAMPHLETS.

Sovereign and Subject: in Six Sermons, preached at Shrewsbury, Mass. By N. F. Williams. Andover: W. F. Draper. pp. 104.

The New Jerusalem: a Discourse preached at the Dedication of the New Jerusalem House of Worship, 35th Street, New York, Feb. 6, 1859. By W. M. Fernald. New York. pp. 36.

The Christian Union of Harvard University. March, 1859. Boston: Ed. Balch. pp. 8.

Fourteenth Annual Report on Public Schools in Rhode Island. Providence: Knowles, Anthony, & Co. pp. 43.

Report of the Meeting held to celebrate the Centenary of the Birthday of Robert Burns. Boston: John Wilson & Son. pp. 47.

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
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
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